The Northern Securities Deal—By Henry Clews

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 174, No. 27 — *Philadelphia, January 4, 1902* — Five Cents the Copy

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Published Weekly at 425 Arch St. London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

A Woman's Washington

By the Author of The Diary of a Congressman's

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philade

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The Saturday Evening Post

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"Any American who wishes to understand what the Russians are doing in Manchuria, and to grasp the matter so firmly and understandingly that he can shut his eyes and see it all, must read a series of papers from the pen of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, now appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. Mr. Beveridge's first article in this series appeared on November 16. This energetic and brilliant young statesman, who took his seat in the Senate two years ago with a remarkable knowledge of the Philippine situation based upon several months of travel and study on the ground, has now been spending the half year since Congress adjourned in revisiting the Far East, going this time by way of Europe, and crossing Siberia and Manchuria under circumstances which gave him an intimate acquaintance with the newest aspects of the expansion movements of the Russian Empire. Hardly any other man in public life has Mr. Beveridge's power of vivid statement; and we are to learn through these notable papers in THE POST that Russia has not been butchering peaceful Chinamen in Manchuria, but that she is transforming Manchuria into a land of peace and order, where Chinamen as well as Russians will have security in the cultivation of the fields and in the enjoyment of their homes. It is important to have the real facts."

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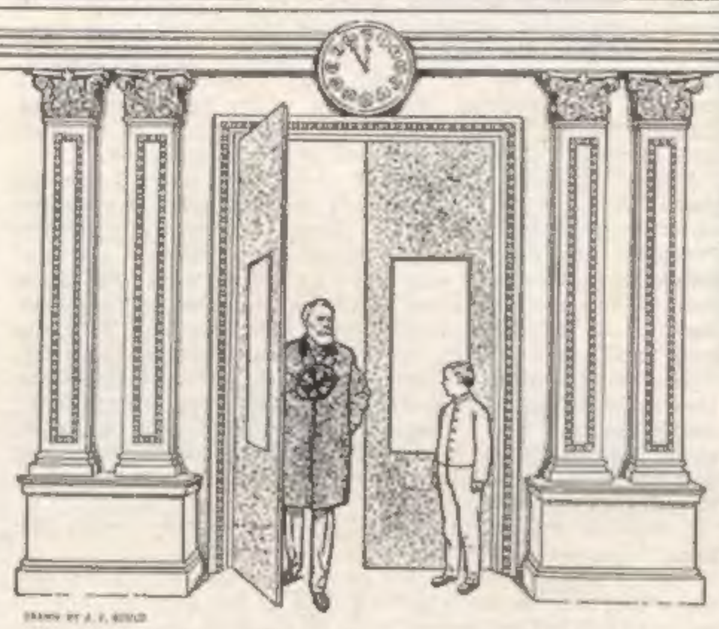
A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"



I AM more impressed on coming back to Washington this third time than ever before with the fact that Washington is a city of "infinite jest." I had expected to find upon reaching here a certain measure of public sadness or of public submission; but if anything there is more debonair gayety noticeable than usual, and I was met with quips and quirks and jests as of yore. Like the Arabians, the true Washingtonian is careful to live up to the precept that it is not wise to jest with God, with Death, or with the Devil, but all else is fair game. Upon my arrival I asked straightway for the news, for the news of a town is apt to be as true a picture of its inhabitants as a map is of its boundaries. Robert was the purveyor, for he had come a week ahead of me, and was posted upon all that was going on.

"Well," said I, "what does the town think and say of the new Executive?" For this was the first and absorbing topic.

"Well, just at present," replied Robert, "it is very much agog over the new turnout that has been ordered for the White House. The President has purchased a pair of new, big coach-horses, with long, flowing tails. Mark that! And he has put red-white-and-blue cockades upon the hats of his coachman and footman. And Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen from among the girls of the smart set a social secretary who is to be the field marshal in petticoats of her drawing-room this winter. The rapture columns of the newspapers are quite agog over it, and some of the women pronounce it 'lovely.'"

I turned this over in silence, then I said:

"Well, what else?"

"Next," said Robert, beginning to chuckle, "the Cabinet, every man Jack of them, has a new pair of suspenders."

"Suspenders!" echoed I in amazement. I thought this was one of the quips of some one playing upon our credulity.

"Fact," said Robert tersely. "It seems," he continued, "that last spring, at a Cabinet dinner, the conversation turned upon Youthful Ambitions, and Secretary Wilson said that his youthful ambition had never been realized—that he had always wanted to possess two good pairs of suspenders at the same time. Of course there was a shout at this. Then Secretary Gage confessed that he, too, could not boast two pairs of dependable suspenders; then Long told of having once owned two pairs of 'galluses' when he graduated from Harvard College, but never since that proud event. And the rest all followed with confessions of a like lack of 'hold-ups.' Well, it seems that this story got out and some enterprising outfitter sent every man in the Cabinet, including the President, two new pairs of suspenders. This happened only the other day, and their letters of thanks found their way into print somehow or other and the whole town has had no end of fun over it. I heard it the very first thing, and when I called on the new President I slyly alluded to the gift. You should have heard him laugh!"

"Well, it is to be hoped that they are all braced up for their coming tussle with legislation. What next?" asked I.

"Next," said Robert thoughtfully, "the Hall of Representatives has all been done over, and the committee-rooms and cloakrooms, too. There are new barber shops, new carpets, new everything, and when I went to pay my greetings to Uncle Joe Cannon in his new committee quarters he showed me all over, and was like a boy in his glee. He said to me, and to the others who were there poking around:

"'Boys, you'll have to put bears' grease on your hair and scent on your handkerchiefs when you come round these diggings henceforth,' and, oh yes!" wound up Robert triumphantly, "the Goddess of Liberty has had her face washed."

I knew from Robert's tone that he was fully imbued with the spirit of fun prevailing, so I did not interrupt the narrative. He went on:

"I can tell you it is a national event for the Goddess of Liberty to make her toilette. It took the fire department two whole days, and took seven hundred feet of hose, to make her presentable enough to greet the Fifty-seventh Congress."

"Is she washed, then, only every two years?" queried I; then my grievance against the Goddess found vent: "Nothing on earth can ever make that figure on the Capitol Dome a thing of beauty. Why, when I saw her for the first time I fully supposed she was an Indian squaw, for if she had a tomahawk instead of a shield the illusion would be perfect. There are two things which to my mind are intolerable! One is the popular conception of the Goddess of Liberty, and the other is the national air 'Hail to the Chief;' both of them are to my mind the ugliest expressions of a nation's pride extant."

I will confess that after Robert had given me the news I had some very natural qualms when I considered the new order of things at the White House We have returned here, it is true, with the full panoply of the Senate over us, but what particular pull with the new Executive should we have? And I recalled the political patronage that ought to belong by rights to the new Senator from Spruce City.

I wished with all my heart that Robert could claim to be one of the original discoverers of the new President. As it was, I began to realize that we should, perforce, have to make an entire new beginning, a footing for ourselves, and, so far as I was able to see with the naked eye, there was no beanstalk to climb into the White House by and no seven-leagued boots with which to outstalk the rest of the hungry horde. I had to rub my eyes to wake up to it. Last winter I should, without ceremony, have driven to the White House, alighted, entered the door with a nod to the doorkeeper and, with almost no delay, have been ushered up the private stairway to the library. To-day I must sit in my carriage while my footman presents my cards and I must turn back to await a summons to an audience. This might come in a day or a week, according as I might prove *persona grata*.

Well, I saw what was cut out for me, and, as I had a tolerable acquaintance with myself in the past, I felt that it would be strange indeed if I did not snip off a bit of this red tape or roll it up far enough to allow the Slocums sitting-down room within the sacred precincts. For people may say what they please about a President not being "in it," I have always observed that the smart world is not very much "in it" if it is outside the portals of the White House.

We had not been long back when to my delight we were bidden to a feast. Robert groaned at the prospect of beginning upon dinners so early, for Robert is cut something after the pattern of Lucio and would dine and sup upon bran and water. By way of cheer I said to him:

"But think of all the gossip we shall hear! We shall know all about the red tape at the White House, and just how big the Christmas turkeys are, and all about the cost of the new fittings in the House—including the new blue carpet—and

Pinkney waiting for Archibald Roosevelt in the White House market wagon

The Chinese Minister resplendent in embroidered robes that were the envy of all the women

Representative Kahn of California — prominently connected with the agitation for renewal of the Chinese Exclusion Act

Archibald Roosevelt leaving for school with a servant in the White House market wagon

how much mileage the delegate from Hawaii was entitled to draw, and perhaps, if we keep our ears open wide, we shall learn the secret hiding-place of Mr. Wellington's caucus. We shall certainly feel the pulse of things."

It was just as I had predicted. We not only felt the pulse, but it was a bounding, leaping pulse at that. There was a sprinkling of members of the House, one or two from the Senate, including my old friend, Senator P——, one or two Army men and women, than whom, at the dinner-table, there are no brighter stars in the social firmament, and last but not least among them was Minister Wu, resplendent in dull red embroidered robes that were the envy of all the women present. It is a very curious sensation to shake hands with the Minister, for his hands are so small and so dry, but it is still stranger to take his arm, for no one has ever yet found the arm within the padded, baggy, downy sleeve.

I sat very near to Minister Wu and he began in his short, jerky way to run me upon this new Senatorial dignity of ours. I told him that I was expecting great things from the coming season, for it was our third, and the good things of this world are said to go in threes.

"Ah! then," said he with a sly twinkle which shone through his spectacles, while all at the table craned their necks to see and hear, "this ought to be, according to Chinese lore, your season of 'Heaven.'"

"Heaven?" echoed I, trying to catch his meaning.

"In my country, Mrs. Slocum, all the odd numbers stand for Heaven, all the even for Earth, for with us Heaven is odd and Earth is even; hence according to our reckoning this should be your season of Heaven, since it is your third."

This seemed a queer conceit and was too Oriental for most of us to make anything out of. There is always an element of the unexpected in the Minister's topics of conversation and we all wondered what would be his theme. There was not one at that table but knew what subject lies nearest his heart at the present time. After a moment of silence, a pretty Army woman who sat opposite to the Minister started the ball rolling.

"Why don't you become an American citizen outright, Mr. Minister? Don't go back to China. We all like you. Stay with us."

"Impossible! Impossible!" he quickly retorted; "even if I should desire to do so, the law of my country forbids it."

Some one at the table just then could not resist an allusion to the coming legislation concerning Chinese exclusion and made a rather clumsy suggestion that there would need to be no exclusion act if all his countrymen were so delightful as he. It was one of the things that Punch would class among those better left unsaid. Instantly the Minister roused up and said, with some warmth:

"As to my countrymen, oh well, justice and right have neither color nor race. Your people are prejudiced by politics. There is a saying among lawyers that 'when you have no defense for your client, abuse the other side.' This seems to be the American argument in the case against my people."

There was an uncomfortable pause broken by a constrained laugh, then I hastened to steer the conversation into a less electric channel. I asked warmly for Madame Wu, who had just returned home, and inquired with elaborate interest for the new baby at the Legation, which belongs to Madame Chen, the wife of the first secretary; and I commented upon the fact that, though Madame Chen wore the robes of her native land, the baby was comfortably dressed in American flannel, and then I spoke of the Minister's own son, a bright, sturdy lad who stands way-up in his class at the District High School here, and who almost out-Americans our American boys at their games and sports. This was effectual in changing the venue. From the Chinese youngsters it was but a short jump to the youngsters at the White House. A member of the House said:

"Well, they are a caution, I can tell you. There hasn't been so much stir and life in that old mansion in years. It seems that those boys of the President's have a perfect mania for stilts, and they go clumping all over the house on them. A member of the Cabinet told me that during one of the Cabinet meetings last week, when they had just got down to work there came suddenly the most thundering noise overhead. It was like the rumble of artillery. Everything rattled and shook in the room. The President listened a moment, then touched the button under the edge of the Cabinet table. When Cortelyou or Pruden came in he said, with a smile, "Clear the boys out of the attic, please."

"Yes," chimed in Senator P——, "and when I was up there the other day I cooled my heels a good twenty-five minutes in the upper corridor. I supposed naturally that the President was detained with something at least of national importance, because I was there by appointment; but bless you! he was catching a hen that belonged either to Kermet or Archie, out near the greenhouse. This hen had 'flew the coop' and perched high up on the top of one of the roofs. There stood almost the entire domestic force of the White House, including the steward, Henry Pinckney, utterly helpless before that hen. One of the boys rushed in to his father to lay the case before him. In three seconds the President was out on the grass plot. When he came back to his office he was picking off feathers."

"Why in the world didn't Henry Pinckney catch the hen?" queried I when the laugh had subsided.

"Oh, I suppose that Henry was giving his whole mind just about that time to the relative merits of the score of turkeys that had arrived by express from all parts of the country for the Christmas dinner, and as those turkeys were monsters, looking more like something out of prehistoric ages than like our bird of cheer, why, it was impossible to expect him to undertake the subjection of a mere hen."

"They say that Henry has a lively time, that he never knows who or how many he will have at dinner and luncheon—he may have five and he may have ten extra people—and that he has to be ready for the multitude," said the Army woman.

"All I've got to say," said I, "is that I do wish the President could be persuaded not to catch hens, nor chase cows, nor jump fences. Why, the people here in Washington live in perpetual fear of an accident befalling him, for they regard the Executive as very near to them—in fact, their kinsman—and they feel, after the recent calamity, that they cannot bear anything more. If the people want him to be careful for their sakes, he should heed it—for their sakes."

It was significant that everybody at that table echoed this sentiment and for a moment there was silence. Every one was thinking of what the nation had suffered. Then Robert asked General W——, of the Army, what he thought of the new, much-talked-of coach-horses just purchased for the White House stables. Instantly the talk at table was all of horses. General W—— said:

"Arthur Hurley, the foreman of the White House stables, told me that these new horses are the finest that have ever been in the stables in his day."

"What a pity," said Robert, "that the President's horses should be so inadequately stabled. Those old stables are a disgrace. But these horses, it would seem, possess all the points a horse should have. According to an ancient sage fifteen points are laid down for a thoroughbred horse. He says a horse 'Sholde have three propyrtees of a man, three of a laydye, three of a foxe, three of a haare, and three of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde and hardye. Of a laydye, fayre breasted, fayre of haire and easy to move. Of a foxe, a fayre tayle, short eers, with a good trotte. Of a haare, a grate eye, a dry head and well-runnyng. Of an asse, a bygge chynn, a flat legge and a good hoofe.'"

"You should go round to the stables and tell Hurley that, Slocum," said the General. "I'll venture to say that he'll prove to you that the new horses have every point you've enumerated and more to boot. He will tell you proudly that Mrs. Roosevelt has had their names changed from 'Scott' and 'Mack' to 'General' and 'Admiral.' I'm wondering," wound up the General, looking around the table slyly at some of us, "what you smart women are going to do about your own turnouts now that the Executive has set the pace in the matter of cockades and flowing equine manes and tails?"

This was likely to be a sore point with some of us who had spent goodly sums of money on showy dock-tailed horses.

"Alack!" said the Army woman, "if we could only do about our tailless horses as Bo-Peep did about her sheep when

(Concluded on Page 19)

An Ali Baba of the Sierras—By Bret Harte

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JOHNNY STARLEIGH found himself again late for school. It was always happening. It seemed to be inevitable with the process of going to school at all. And it was no fault "o' his." Something was always occurring—some eccentricity of Nature or circumstance was invariably starting up in his daily path to the schoolroom. He may not have been "thinkin' of squirrels," and yet the rarest and most evasive of that genus were always crossing his trail; he may not have been "huntin' honey," and yet a wild bees' nest in the hollow of an oak absolutely obtruded itself before him; he wasn't "bird catchin'," and yet there was a yellow-hammer always within stone's throw. He had heard how grown men hunters always saw the most wonderful animals when they "hadn't got a gun with 'em," and it seemed to be his lot to meet them in his restricted possibilities on the way to school. If Nature was thus capricious with his elders, why should folks think it strange if she was as mischievous with a small boy?

On this particular morning Johnny had been beguiled by the unmistakable footprints—so like his own!—of a bear's cub. What chances he had of ever coming up with it, or what he would have done if he had, he did not know. He only knew that at the end of an hour and a half he found himself two miles from the schoolhouse, and, from the position of the sun, at least an hour too late for school. He knew that nobody would believe him. The punishment for complete truancy was little worse than for being late. He resolved to accept it, and by way of irrevocability at once burnt his ships behind him—in devouring part of his dinner.

Thus fortified in his outlawry, he began to look about him. He was on a thickly wooded terrace with a blank wall of "outcrop" on one side nearly as high as the pines which pressed close against it. He had never seen it before; it was two or three miles from the highroad and seemed to be a virgin wilderness. But on close examination he could see, with the eye of a boy bred in a mining district, that the wall of outcrop had not escaped the attention of the mining prospector. There were marks of his pick in some attractive quartz seams of the wall, and farther on a more ambitious attempt, evidently by a party of miners, to begin a tunnel showed in an abandoned excavation and the heap of débris before it. It had evidently been abandoned for some time, as ferns already forced their green fronds through the stones and gravel, and the yerba buena vine was beginning to mat the surface of the heap.

But the boy's fancy was quickly taken by the traces of a singular accident, and one which had perhaps arrested the progress of the excavators. The roots of a large pine tree growing close to the wall had evidently been loosened by the excavators, and the tree had fallen, with one of its largest roots still in the opening the miners had made, and apparently blocking the entrance. The large tree lay as it had fallen—midway across another but much smaller outcrop of rock which stood sharply about fifteen feet above the level of the terrace—with its gaunt, dead limbs in the air at a low angle. To Johnny's boyish fancy it seemed so easily balanced on the rock that but for its imprisoned root it would have made a capital seesaw. This he felt must be looked to hereafter. But here his attention was arrested by something more alarming. His quick ear, attuned like an animal's to all woodland sounds, detected the crackling of underwood in the distance. His equally sharp eyes saw the figures of two men approaching. But as he recognized the features of one of them he drew back with a beating heart, a hushed breath, and hurriedly hid himself in the shadow. For he had seen that figure once before—flying before the sheriff and an armed posse—and had never forgotten it! It was the figure of Spanish Pete, a notorious desperado and sluice robber!

"Playin' hookey ag'in?" said the young lady

Finding he had been unobserved, the boy took courage, and his small faculties became actively alive. The two men came on together cautiously, and at a little distance the second man, whom Johnny did not know, parted from his companion and began to loiter up and down, looking around as if acting as a sentinel for the desperado, who advanced directly to the fallen tree. Suddenly the sentinel uttered an exclamation and Spanish Pete paused. The sentinel was examining the ground near the heap of débris.

"What's up?" growled the desperado.

"Foot-tracks! Weren't here before. And fresh ones, too."

Johnny's heart sank. It was where he had just passed.

Spanish Pete hurriedly joined his companion.

"Foot tracks be ——!" he said scornfully. "What fool would be crawlin' round here barefooted? It's a young b'ar!"

Johnny knew the footprints were his own. Yet he recognized the truth of the resemblance; it was uncomplimentary, but he felt relieved. The desperado came forward, and to the boy's surprise began to climb the small ridge of outcrop until he reached the fallen tree. Johnny saw that he was carrying a heavy stone. "What's the blamed fool goin' to do?" he said to himself; the man's evident ignorance regarding footprints had lessened the boy's awe of him. But the stranger's next essay took Johnny's breath away. Standing on the fallen tree-trunk at its axis on the outcrop he began to rock it gently. To Johnny's surprise it began to move. The upper end descended slowly, lifting the root in the excavation at the lower end, and with it a mass of rock, and revealing a cavern behind large enough to admit a man. Johnny gasped. The desperado coolly deposited the heavy stone on the tree

—he drew back with a beating heart. . . . It was the figure of Spanish Pete

beyond its axis on the rock so that it would keep the tree in position, leaped from the tree to the rock, and quickly descended, at which he was joined by the other man, who was carrying two heavy chamois leather bags. They both proceeded to the opening thus miraculously disclosed, and disappeared in it.

Johnny sat breathless, wondering, expectant, but not daring to move. The men might come out at any moment; he had seen enough to know that their enterprise as well as their cave was a secret, and that the desperado would subject any witness to it, however innocent or unwilling, to horrible penalties. The time crept slowly by; he heard every rap of a woodpecker in a distant tree, a blue jay dipped and lighted on a branch within his reach, but he dared not extend his hand; his legs were infested by ants; he even fancied he heard the dry, hollow rattle of a rattlesnake not a yard from him. And then the entrance of the cave was darkened, and the two men reappeared. Johnny stared. He would have rubbed his eyes if he had dared. They were not the same men! Did the cave contain others who had been all the while shut up in its dark recesses? Was there a band? Would they all swarm out upon him? Should he run for his life?

But the illusion was only momentary. A longer look at them convinced him that they were the same men in new clothes and disguised, and as one remounted the outcrop Johnny's keen eyes recognized him as Spanish Pete. He merely kicked away the stone, the root again descended gently over the opening, and the tree recovered its former angle. The two hurried away, but Johnny noticed that they were empty-handed. The bags had been left behind.

The boy waited patiently, listening with his ear to the ground, like an Indian, for the last rustle of fern and crackle of underbrush, and then emerged stiff and cramped from his concealment. But he no longer thought of flight; curiosity and ambition burned in his small veins. He quickly climbed up the outcrop, picked up the fallen stone, and in spite of its weight lifted it to the prostrate tree. Here he paused, and from his coign of vantage looked and listened. The solitude was profound. Then mounting the tree and standing over its axis he tried to rock it as the other had. Alas! Johnny's heart was stout, his courage unlimited, his perception all-embracing, his ambition boundless, but his actual avoirdupois was only that of a boy of ten. The tree did not move. But Johnny had played seesaw before, and quietly moved toward its highest part. It slowly descended under the changed centre of gravity and the root arose, disclosing the opening as before. Yet here the little hero paused. He waited with his eyes fixed on the opening, ready to fly on the sallying out of any one who had remained concealed. He then placed the stone where he had stood, leaped down and ran to the opening.

The change from the dazzling sunlight to the darkness confused him at first, and he could see nothing. On entering he stumbled over something which proved to be a bottle in which a candle was fitted, and a box of matches evidently used by the two men. Lighting the candle he could now discern that the cavern was only a few yards long—the beginning of a tunnel which the accident to the tree had stopped. In one corner lay the clothes that the men had left, and which for a moment seemed all that the cavern contained, but on removing them Johnny saw that they were thrown over a rifle, a revolver, and the two chamois leather bags that the men had brought there. They were so heavy that the boy could scarcely lift them. His face flushed; his hands trembled with excitement. To a boy whose truant wanderings had given him a fair knowledge of mining he knew that weight could have but one meaning! Gold! He hurriedly untied the nearest bag. But it was not the gold of the locality of the tunnel, of the "bed-rock!" It was "flake gold," the gold of the river! It had been taken from the miners' sluices in the distant streams. The bags before him were the spoils of the sluice robber—spoils that could not be sold or even shown in the district without danger—spoils kept until they could be taken to Marysville or Sacramento for disposal. All this might have occurred to the mind of any boy of the locality who had heard the common gossip of his elders, but to Johnny's fancy an idea was kindled peculiarly his own! Here was a cavern like that of the "Forty Thieves" in the story book, and he was the "Ali Baba" who knew its secret! He was not obliged to say "Open Sesame," but he would say it if he liked, if he were showing it off to anybody!

Yet, alas! he also knew it was a secret he must keep to himself. He had nobody to trust it to. His father was a charcoal burner of small means; a widower with two children, Johnny and his elder brother Sam. The latter, a flagrant incorrigible of twenty-two, with a tendency to dissipation and low company, had lately abandoned his father's roof, only to reappear at intervals of hilarious or maudlin intoxication. He had always been held up to Johnny as a warning or with the gloomy prognostication that he, Johnny, was already following in his tortuous footsteps. Even if he were here he was not to be thought of as a confidant. Still less could he trust his father, who would be sure to bungle the secret with sheriffs and constables, and end by bringing down the vengeance of the gang upon the family. As for himself he could not dispose of the gold if he were to take it. The exhibition of a single flake of it to the adult public would arouse suspicion, and as it was always Johnny's hard fate to be always doubted he might be connected with the gang. As a truant he knew he had no moral standing, but he had also the superstition—quite characteristic of childhood—that being in possession of a secret he was a participant in its criminality—and bound as it were by terrible oaths! And then a new idea seized him. He carefully put back everything as he had found it, extinguished the candle, left the cave, remounted the tree and closed the opening again as he had seen the others do it, with the addition of murmuring "Shut Sesame" to himself, and then ran away as fast as his short legs could carry him.

Well clear of the dangerous vicinity he proceeded more leisurely for about a mile, until he came to a low whitewashed fence, inclosing a small cultivated patch and a neat farmhouse beyond. Here he paused, and cowering behind the fence, with extraordinary facial contortions produced a cry not unlike the scream of a blue jay. Repeating it at intervals he was presently relieved by observing the approach of a nankeen sunbonnet within the inclosure above the line of fence. Stopping before him the sunbonnet revealed a rosy little face, more than usually plump on one side and a neck enormously wrapped in a scarf. It was "Meely" (Amelia) Stryker, a schoolmate, detained at home by "mumps," as Johnny was previously aware. For with the famous indiscretion of some other great heroes he was about to intrust his secret and his destiny to one of the weaker sex. And what were the minor possibilities of contagion to this?

"Playin' hookey ag'in?" said the young lady with a cordial and even expansive smile, exclusively confined to one side of her face.

"Um! So'd you be ef you'd bin whar I hev," he said with harrowing mystery.

"No!—say!" said Meely eagerly.

At which Johnny, clutching at the top of the fence, with hurried breath told his story. But not all. With the instinct of a true artist he withheld the manner in which the opening of the cave was revealed, said nothing about the tree, and, I grieve to say, added the words "Open Sesame" as the important factor to the operation. Neither did he mention the name of Spanish Pete. For all of which he was afterward duly grateful.

"Meet me at the burnt pine down at the cross-roads at four o'clock," he said in conclusion, "and I'll show ye."

"Why not now?" said Meely impatiently.

"Couldn't. Much as my life is worth! Must keep watching out! You come at four."

And with an assuring nod he released the fence and trotted off. He returned cautiously in the direction of the cave; he was by no means sure that the robbers might not return that day, and his mysterious rendezvous with Meely veiled a certain prudence. And it was well! For as he stealthily crept around the face of the outcrop, hidden in the ferns, he saw from the altered angle of the tree that the cavern was opened. He remained motionless, with bated breath. Then he heard the sound of subdued voices from the cavern, and a figure emerged from the opening. Johnny grasped the ferns rigidly to check the dreadful cry that rose to his lips at this sight. For that figure was his own brother!

There was no mistaking that weak, wicked face, even then flushed with liquor! Johnny had seen it too often thus. But never before as a thief's face! He gave a little gasp and fell back upon that strange reserve of apathy and reticence in which children are apt to hide their emotions from us at such a moment. He watched impassively the two other men who followed his brother out to give him a small bag and some instructions, and then returned within their cave, while his brother walked quickly away. He watched him disappear: he did not move, for even if he had followed him he could not bear to face him in his shame. And then out of his sullen despair came a boyish idea of revenge. It was those two men who had made his brother a thief!

He was very near the tree. He crept stealthily on his hands and knees through the bracken, and as stealthily climbed the wedge of outcrop, and then leaped like a wildcat on the tree. With incredible activity he lifted the balancing

"It's a young b'ar!"

stone and, as the tree began to move, in a flash of perception transferred it to the other side of its axis, and felt the roots and débris, under that additional weight, descend quickly with something like a crash over the opening. Then he took to his heels. He ran so swiftly that all unknowingly he overtook a figure who, turning, glanced at him, and then disappeared in the wood. It was his second and last view of his brother—as he never saw him again!

But now, strange to say, the crucial and most despairing moment of his day's experience had come. He had to face Meely Stryker under the burnt pine, and the promise he could not keep, and to tell her that he had lied to her. It was the only way to save his brother now! His small wits, and alas! his smaller methods, were equal to the despairing task. As soon as he saw her waiting under the tree he fell to capering and dancing with an extravagance in which hysteria had no small part. "Sold! Sold! Sold again, and got the money!" he laughed shrilly.

The girl looked at him with astonishment which changed gradually to scorn, and then to anger. Johnny's heart sank, but he redoubled his antics.

"Who's sold?" she said disdainfully.

"You be. You swallered all that stuff about Ali Baba! You wanted to be Morgyanna! Ho! ho! And I've made you play hookey—from home!"

"You hateful, horrid little liar!"

Johnny accepted his punishment meekly—in his heart gratefully. "I reckoned you'd laugh and not get mad," he said submissively. The girl turned, with tears of rage and vexation in her eyes, and walked away. Johnny followed at a humble distance. Perhaps there was something instinctively touching in the boy's remorse, for they made it up before they reached her fence.

Nevertheless Johnny went home miserable. Luckily for him, his father was absent at a vigilance committee meeting, called to take cognizance of the late sluice robberies, and although this temporarily concealed his offense of truancy the news of the vigilance meeting determined him to keep his lips sealed. He lay all night wondering how long it would take the robbers to dig themselves out of the cave, and whether they suspected their imprisonment was the work of an enemy or only an accident. For several days he avoided the locality, and even feared the vengeful appearance of Spanish Pete some night at his father's house. It was not until the end of a fortnight that he had the courage to revisit the spot. The tree was in its normal position, but immovable, and a great quantity of fresh débris at the mouth of the cave convinced him that the robbers, after escaping, had abandoned it as unsafe. His brother did not return, and either the activity of the vigilance committee or the lack of a new place of rendezvous seemed to have dispersed the robbers from the locality, for they were not heard of again.

The next ten years brought an improvement to Mr. Starleigh's fortunes. Johnny Starleigh, then a student at San José, one morning found a newspaper clipping in a letter from Miss Amelia Stryker. It read as follows: "The excavators in the new tunnel in Heavystone Ridge lately discovered the skeletons of two unknown men who had evidently been crushed and entombed some years previously by the falling of a large tree over the mouth of their temporary refuge. From some river gold found with them they were supposed to be part of the gang of sluice robbers who infested the locality some years ago, and were hiding from the Vigilants!"

For a few days thereafter Johnny Starleigh was thoughtful and reserved, but he did not refer to the paragraph in answering the letter. He decided to keep it for later confidences, when Miss Stryker should become Mrs. Starleigh.

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

"Ah, I have it—it's Stone!" He opened his eyes and beamed at me with relief and satisfaction

GUPPY TO THE RESCUE

I'VE often wondered, since, precisely what I should have done when I found myself deserted and penniless, if the necessity for doing at all had not been in the most unexpected way possible suddenly removed. I strolled distractedly up and down in the station—peering over the long counter in front of the place where they weigh the luggage (it seemed just possible that pride might have prevented Berri from taking our trunk with him) and staring at the comic papers and yellow-covered novels on the book-stall. But I was quite unable to evolve a plan for dinner, a night's lodging and a telegram to Berri at a cost of twenty-five centimes. An evening call on the American consul suggested itself for a moment; but the memory of Uncle Peter's anecdotes of his experience as consul in a small German town when he was a young man deterred me. So many people turn up at consulates with hard-luck stories that I dreaded to meet the skeptical eye of some disappointed politician who had had financial relations with plausible young men once too often. Besides, the tale I had to tell became more and more idiotic the longer I thought of it. No, I simply couldn't bring myself to seek protection under the flag.

In talking the matter over afterward with Berri, he said my proper course was to have gone to the best hotel in the town, taken the largest and most expensive room, complained that it wasn't nearly good enough, ordered an elaborate dinner, "jollied" the landlord, flattered his wife, sent as many telegrams as I pleased to all the inns at Avranches, and—with the air of one who cannot bother about such trifles—told the concierge to pay for them. But then Berri has had experience. I probably should have dined on a chunk of black bread and a glass of milk at a creamery and ended by being arrested for sleeping under a hedge in the park, if all at once—but I'm going too fast.

Just as I was about to leave the station and wander aimlessly back to the town, a cab came rattling up to the curbstone. Out of it jumped a pudgy man with a ponderous leather bag in one hand and a camera in the other. He had on dingy gray clothes—very baggy at the knees—gold-rimmed spectacles and a straw hat much too large for him that sort of hung down behind and gave his round, red face the appearance of an inquiring moon. He lumbered into the station, looked up at the clock, apparently saw that he had missed his train, dropped his bag on the floor and, with an air of resignation, began to dry his forehead on his handkerchief. For a second I couldn't remember where I had seen him before; then suddenly it came to me and I rushed over and put my hand on his arm. For it was Guppy! If any one had told me on the ship that but a few weeks would pass before I should be about as pleased to see Guppy as I had ever been to see anybody, I should have—well, I should probably have referred him to Berri. And here I was, clutching Guppy by the arm and exclaiming: "Well, Guppy—this certainly is delightful!" It really was, you know. Heavens—how glad I was that I hadn't been cool to him the way Berri was. His big face loomed cheerfully at me like a pie-crust, and with positive emotion he said:

"Your name will come to me in a minute—of course I remember perfectly that you are number twenty-six and your handsome friend Berrisford was number twenty-seven. Let me see—I can no doubt recall it by my memory system." He closed his eyes and squeezed my hand convulsively while the system began laboriously to creak somewhere under his wobbling hat.

"I'm on the track of it; I'm chasing it," he declared nervously. "I've begun to sequestrate it among—among—among, yes—among the substances. This is splendid. By Jove—I've got it among the building materials now and it's—and it's—just a moment; keep perfectly still or you'll throw me out and I'll have to begin all over again. Ah, I have it—it's Stone!" He opened his eyes and beamed at me with relief and satisfaction.

"Well, that's almost it," I answered encouragingly, "but not quite. I think your system is perfectly wonderful" (I really did); "it makes me feel somehow as if my name ought to be Stone—only it's Wood." But Guppy didn't seem in the least disappointed, for, as he explained to me as we walked arm in arm out of the station and hailed a cab, the principle of the thing was perfect even if you made slight errors now and then in working it out.

Berri refused to believe that I was glad to see Guppy "as such," and asserted that a twenty franc gold piece on the sidewalk would have been every bit as soul-stirring; but then, he added that it was just as well I came across him as there wasn't, of course, any snow on the ground, and nobody was ever known to find a gold piece except in the snow. This statement, as far as I can remember, is correct. But he wasn't correct in saying that my pleasure in meeting Guppy was purely financial. Guppy is rather grotesque, and I didn't care for him particularly in a crowd, because I was continually oppressed by the knowledge that no one else wanted to have him around. All alone, however, I not only don't mind him, I find him almost interesting. He's appreciative and takes beautiful photographs, and has a refreshing way of regarding everything in his travels—however uncomfortable—as part of the game. Then, too, I never can help being glad to see a person who is genuinely glad to see me. (Berri thinks this is vain and weak on my part; perhaps it is.) Guppy was charmed to meet an "old friend" as he called me, for he had been alone ever since we left the ship. He said though, rather wistfully, that he was used to being alone a good deal as people for some reason or other never seemed to want to go to the same places he was going to. After that, I didn't have the heart to refrain from suggesting that he had better go to Avranches that evening with me; and although he was really on his way to Granville, he changed his plans. The thought of Berri's expression when he should see me arriving with Guppy in tow made me laugh.

At home we think nothing of six hours in the train; but in France one comes to consider it a long journey. There were no express trains between Caen and Avranches—nothing but what they call *trains omnibus*, that always begin to slow up for the next station before they get well under way after leaving the last. Ours was full of country people—the women in neat black dresses and frilled white linen caps with the strings tied in a stiff, starched bow under the chin. The men wore blouses and straw hats—very much like Guppy's. Then there were priests and soldiers, and sailors who were probably going to visit their families after a long voyage. One of them had a little monkey perched on his shoulder and another was carrying a curious Japanese box of black and gold lacquer. They made me feel as if I were reading a book by Pierre Loti. The French soldiers always look so dowdy, whereas the sailors are the neatest, cleanest, handsomest chaps imaginable. We had to change cars three times between seven in the evening and one in the morning, so Guppy and I, while we strolled up and down the platforms waiting for our various trains, had plenty of leisure in which to listen to the talk of all these people and watch the meetings and partings of families, sweethearts and friends. The soldiers have a funny little way of walking along hand in hand—which made me realize how Anglo-Saxon I am, for when I first saw it it embarrassed me.

We reached Avranches in a pouring rain at one in the morning. Guppy and I and another man and a woman were the only ones to get out there. It was cold and black, and when we inquired of the gateman who took our tickets how to get to the Hôtel de Londres (the hotel mentioned first in Guppy's guide-book) he exclaimed dramatically, as if he were a herald announcing the death of a monarch:

"*L'Hôtel de Londres—n'existe plus!*" He then went on in the pleasant French way to tell us when it had failed and just why. The woman didn't agree with several of his details, and, after giving her version of the affair, appealed to some of the station employees, who tactfully attributed the inn's demise to a variety of vague causes hitherto unmentioned—one of them being the Boer War. It was all very polite and charming, but Guppy and I were rapidly getting wet to the skin and falling asleep on our feet. At last, when everybody had had his say, and the ticket man had, for good and all, disposed of the matter with a shrug and a proverb, we were told that there was a little vehicle of some kind waiting outside to take us either to the Hôtel d'Angleterre or the Hôtel de France—either of which was just as good as the one that had failed.

With characteristic French thrift the driver had put out his lamps while waiting for the train and it took at least half a box of matches to light them again. During the drive up the steep, interminable hill to the town I found myself speculating in a state of semi-consciousness as to whether it wouldn't have been as economical in the end to have let the lamps burn and saved the matches. Guppy and I were too sleepy to talk much, but the woman and the man opposite, who, apparently, were perfect strangers to each other, chattered all the way up as if it were ten in the morning instead of half-past one. He was visiting Avranches for the first time, and she discoursed on its charms—"*Une petite ville tout à fait coquette*," I believe she called it. There was a good Ursuline convent and a fine school for boys, she said, that in times gone by had attracted many English families; but a local Napoleon of finance had bought up all the best villas and raised the rents, and now the town was no longer popular. I thought, of course, that the man she was talking to was a Frenchman—he spoke just as if he were; but when the omnibus suddenly stopped after a deafening rattle over cobblestones, and we had to decide where we were going, he asked us in English if we knew anything about the hotels. His English was perfect—so perfect, in fact, that it had no accent whatever and I couldn't tell his nationality. It was just a pleasant voice out of the darkness speaking English in the abstract—which had never happened to me before. As a rule people speak unmistakable King's English, or President's English, but rarely just English. Berri solved the hotel problem for us, for when we got out of the omnibus (the two hotels faced each other) he was silhouetted against a yellow oblong one flight up and called softly down to me:

"Hello, Granny!—welcome home." I knew then that he didn't feel offended any more and was glad to have me back again. He had engaged a room for me that opened into his, and had something to eat waiting for me when I arrived. In fact, his state of mind was so altogether angelic that even the news of Guppy—to whom I had craftily said good-night before going upstairs—merely made him laugh.

We've been at Avranches for more than two weeks now, and although we shall probably leave within a day or two I feel as if we were settled here for the rest of our lives. Berri came in the first place to renew his childhood; he went for two years to the school the woman in the omnibus mentioned, and was full of sentimenal longings to see it again. Avranches is a cozy, funny little town that seems to have been just left a long time ago on the top of a high, steep hill and never called for.

In a letter I had from Mildred the other day she asked—I admit the question was natural—what Berri and I found to do for so long in a stupid little place like this; for I had told her that beyond the marvelous views there were no sights, no theatres, no big cafés with music, no casino to loaf in and no gay people to look at—nothing, in fact, but a collection of narrow, tortuous streets clinging to a hilltop, an avenue of trees like the nave of a cathedral in the Archbishop's garden, and the fields and orchards of the surrounding country. Perhaps I shouldn't stay very long if I were alone; everybody goes to bed at about ten o'clock, and you soon begin to have a feeling that the big world is exceedingly far away and not, after all, of much importance. But with Berri and Armington and Guppy, I've found plenty to do and like it.

Armington is the fellow who arrived with us in the omnibus and mystified me with his English. While we were having breakfast under an awning in the courtyard of the hotel the next morning he strolled past and lifted his hat. Berri said that although the hat was English

—to inform the hungry chauffeurs that there was but one possible hotel in Avranches

Editor's Note—This is the fourth story in Mr. Flandrau's series, Sophomores Abroad. The next story will appear in three weeks.

and the clothes were English, the fellow himself was French because his shoes were. Berri has heretofore considered this the final test of a person's nationality. There is a little difference in the shape of French shoes, that though it can't be described exactly is unmistakable. Almost no English-speaking people wear them. Well, Berri's young Frenchman turned out to be an American who has been studying archæology in Paris for five years. That is to say, he spends most of his time in Paris, but runs over to Athens now and then in the summer. We've been seeing a great deal of him. He's writing a book on archæology and came down to Avranches to get away from it, as he had reached a chapter where he couldn't go on without saying something definite about a handful of little bronze implements he had once dug out of a Greek tomb, and his inability to make up his mind about them had broken him down. After carrying the wretched things around in his pocket for more than two years, he had become convinced that they were either meat skewers or safety-pins — which was encouraging as far as it went; but now the supreme moment had arrived for making an ultimate decision and he had fled from Paris on the verge of madness. He has given one of the little things to me for a few days, thinking that perhaps I may have an inspiration. Sometimes it's just too skewery for anything, and then again it is so obviously a safety-pin that it seems as if any baby must recognize it. Yet, I can't decide the matter once and for all any more than Armington can. I'm going to give him back his "skewpin" (he calls them that, just to be impartial), for it has begun to make me absent-minded by day and restless at night.

Armington, however, isn't all archæology; he's one of the most agreeable persons I know. In fact it's a great advantage to be in France with him and Berri. They both know the country so well and get into so many long discussions about it that you can't help acquiring a different point of view from the conventional one you would have if you saw things only from the outside.

It is on account of Berri and Armington, of course, that we have become so chummy with Madame Honfleur and her three daughters, who keep our hotel; and they are charming. If I didn't know that we were going to pay a bill when we leave, I should think we were visiting them.

"Where on earth, except in France, would you find—*could* you find four women (or even one) like Madame Honfleur and her daughters, keeping a village hotel?" Berri demanded the other day after we had been having tea with the family in the courtyard. (By the way, I have always heard that French people drank tea only when they were ill. This isn't true.) "I've not been to Perugia, Wisconsin, Granny, but I bet you never sipped tea and discussed Gothic architecture with the slattern who runs the eating joint there, while one of her daughters near-by embroidered a white satin altar cloth for the new church on the hill, and another played Chopin in the adjoining salon. Now that's the French of it. Old Honfleur isn't in the hotel business for her amusement, you know; she's there to make it pay. She's up in all the little tricks of her trade and practices every one of the incredible French economies. The bedroom candles—perhaps you've noticed—are all hollow, and the left-over *riz de veau* of luncheon to-day is sure to be the *pâté à la Toulousaine* of dinner to-morrow. She has the nerve also to print 'English spoken' in her advertisements—when there isn't a word of English on the premises, with the exception of that preposterous notice in my room." The notice Berri referred to informs one that

A CULPABLE LAUNDRESS WHO IS ATTACHED TO THIS HOTEL IS AUTHORIZED TO EFFECT THE WASH.

"It was she, too, who evolved the scheme for enticing the homeless automobile; little Auguste told me so. And yet—and yet—isn't she delightful? Wouldn't she and Jeanne and Henriette and Léonie make themselves altogether charming anywhere?"

I can't help feeling that they really would. Madame's attitude toward the automobile situation illustrates exactly what Berri means.

The Hôtel de Londres is mentioned first in the guide-books, and the autos on their way from Coutances to Mont Saint Michel, not knowing that it "*n'existe plus*," always try to go there. It occurred to Madame Honfleur that instead of allowing fate to decide which should come to her and which should go to her deadly rival—the Hôtel de France—across the way, she might just as well have them all. So early one morning she sent Auguste—the little boy who helps in the dining-room—a mile or two down the highway to inform the hungry chauffeurs that there was but one possible hotel in Avranches, and that its name was the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Now Auguste is just twelve years old and has the face of a cherub on a Christmas card. That morning he was wearing a particularly snowy apron and a new pair of white cotton gloves which madame adjured him not to put on until he heard the tuf-tuf of a gasoline engine in the distance. So altogether it was not surprising that later in the day the courtyard and the *garage* should be too small to contain all the automobiles stopping at the hotel for luncheon.

At dinner there was another crush. Madame put on a black silk waist and ordered Paul the waiter to light the tall lamp-post in the centre of the court; we knew then that prosperity was nearing a climax. The second day was even as the first, but on the third day, Monsieur Isidore Blin, of the Hôtel de France, came to his senses and subsidized Sosthène — a persuasive cherub of his own. It was then that matters began to be infinitely more exciting than when the Honfleurs had everything their own way. For now, when we hear a puffing and rattling on the hillside, there are several minutes of awful suspense before two fat wheels round the corner and we see either our Auguste or Monsieur Blin's Sosthène clinging triumphantly to the step. Chambermaids leave their work and rush to the windows; the commercial travelers in the café downstairs jump up and run to the door; even the cook dashes out of the kitchen with a copper saucepan in his hand. Madame alone is quite calm under the strain. She wouldn't go to the edge of the sidewalk and peer down the narrow street for anything. These financial flurries are apparently nothing to her. If the auto turns sharply to the right, she is standing ready to receive it with a series of gracious bows and smiles, and ejaculations over the dust or the heat or the rain, or whatever the nature of the day demands. But if it turns to the left she exclaims indifferently: "Poor little Auguste—it will disappoint him—he is so interested!" As Berri says, she knows the tricks of her trade, but from nothing she says or does would you ever suspect it; and it seems rather crude, when you see her and the girls flitting about in their dressy mourning, to phrase it in just that way.

I have always heard that French people drank tea only when they were ill. This isn't true

When Berri's old school had its graduating exercises we all went, of course. It is a great occasion for Avranches. We waited in the square with a crowd of proud mothers and fathers, big brothers and sisters—all in their best clothes—until the procession came down the main street from the school to the Hôtel de Ville. It was very French and funny and nice. First there were two buglers and a drummer; then the village fire department in gorgeous uniforms that didn't fit. (They reminded me of the Governor's staff at home.) After them came the faculty in black silk gowns trimmed with red silk and ermine. The village functionaries in dress suits and high hats strutted along in their wake, and last of all came the boys—the little ones with half-hose and bare legs first—the bigger ones, about to graduate, bringing up the rear. As we crowded into a big room on the top floor of the Hôtel de Ville the village band brayed out the Marseillaise. After that there were two addresses—one by a member of the faculty and one by a great professor who had gone to the school when he was a boy and had come down from Paris for the day. They both spoke such distinct, beautiful French that I understood almost everything they said—and what they said was surprisingly broad and sensible and fine; surprising to me, I mean, because I had taken it for granted that a speech by a Frenchman would be all fireworks and "la patrie." (Berri and Armington merely gave me a pitying glance when I told them this.) After the speeches we had the Marseillaise again. Then the prizes were given out—unwieldy books bound in bright red or green cloth brilliantly gilded.

After the prizes had been awarded there was a tremendous amount of kissing on both cheeks. Armington and Guppy and I left Berri in the thick of it as he was going to lunch with some of the masters. Later in the afternoon he came to the hotel to get us, saying that he would show us the most delightful part of it all. We strolled up the main street, and very soon around the corner the drummer and the two buglers came marching as if they were a whole regiment. They stopped in front of a house, right-about-faced and gave a grand fanfare. Whereupon the door opened and *monsieur le père* came out with some money, and little Jules, who had won a prize, bowed and smiled from the window. Berri says that they go to the houses of all the boys who have won prizes—that they went even to his house.

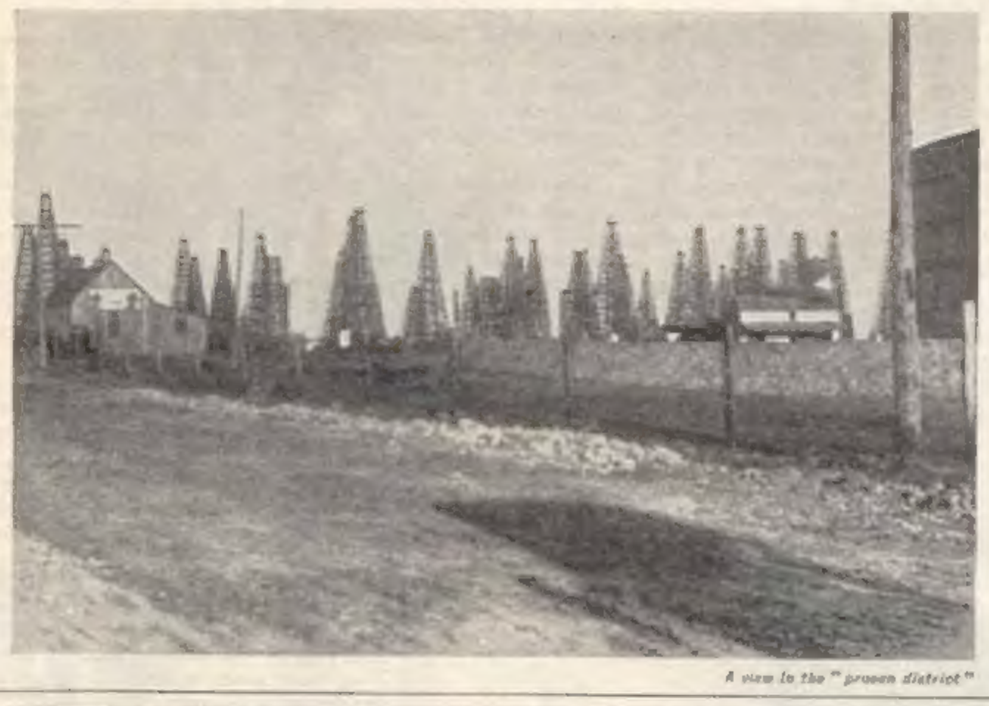
Another occasion for little Avranches is the day of the horse-races. There's a beautiful course in a great meadow at the foot of the hill—the only pretty one I've ever seen, with the exception of a track at a country club near Boston. Why is it that as a rule race-tracks are so hideous? The races weren't exciting exactly, but the event brought out an overpowering array of counts and countesses and marquises and things from the châteaux in the neighborhood. The crowd, I think, was much more interested in them and their Parisian finery (the ladies certainly did look very lovely strolling about the fresh, green turf) than they were in the races. At the end there was a scramble up the foot-path to the town to be in time to see the nobility clatter through the main street—back to their fortresses.

Every evening we gossip in the courtyard with madame and her daughters (they are perpetually embroidering or crocheting), or with some of the queer people who happen to be staying at the hotel. Berri made the acquaintance of a French lady the other evening who, in the course of their conversation, smoked most of his cigarettes and told him among other things that she was sixty-four years old. At this Berri exclaimed: "*Incroyable, madame!*" and immediately set her down as eighty-five. For—as he told me afterward—when a French woman admits to sixty-four, she can't be much under ninety. She spoke Russian and Spanish and Italian perfectly, she said, but no English. She had once taken some lessons in English, but hadn't learned anything except the words for "tuning-fork" and "pickle-dish" (which she pronounced "dickle-pish"), and didn't find them very helpful.

I suppose that we must soon leave this peaceful little place with its views and its gardens, its narrow vine-hung streets, its steep hills up which the patient donkeys toddle under their vegetable panniers, its drowsy fields full of birds by day and glow-worms by night. We should have gone before now, I think, if it hadn't been for Guppy. Berri has been amiability itself since Guppy and I arrived—but he declares that he simply won't have him with us at Mont Saint Michel. Frankly, I don't see how we can avoid it; Guppy has photographed everything in the neighborhood and I'm sure he'll want to leave when we do. I refuse to hurt his feelings—after his rescuing me that evening at Caen. Berri asserts that it won't be necessary to hurt his feelings—that, in fact, he has a plan (he won't tell me what it is) by which we'll both "shake" Guppy and flatter him immensely. "But it will take a day or two to get him into the proper mood," he added. I think Berri must have begun to manipulate Guppy's mood this afternoon, as he hired two bicycles and invited Guppy to take a long ride with him. There's another thing that Berri won't tell me. He read my diary the other day (he grabbed it out of my hands and ran away with it) and says that it possesses one very remarkable trait. He has read a number of European diaries, he says, but he never came across one that in this mysterious respect was like mine.

"Of course I sha'n't let you know what it is until you reach the end," he answered when I implored him to tell me, "because I don't think you can possibly keep it up—or rather, keep it out—very much longer." This is even more maddening than Armington's "skewpins."

BOOM TIMES IN TEXAS



A view in the "gusher district"

The main street of Beaumont in December

Hard Luck Stories of the Oil Fields—By Robert Shackleton

THERE have been some five hundred companies incorporated in connection with what is known as the oil field of Beaumont, in Texas. In that field, however, there are only a trifle over one hundred producing wells. There are from sixty to seventy-five companies who divide among them the ownership of these successful wells. Some own a number; some own but a quarter of an interest in a single one. Over four hundred of the companies possess nothing of present value; but with many of these the inability to produce oil has been no bar to the sale of stock.

A monument to faith

Hard luck has been as pervasive as good luck. For most of the thousands and millions of dollars that have been made, sums equally large have been lost. While apportioning good fortune with one hand, Fate has distributed ill fortune with the other. In a host of cases, those who were dealt ill fortune have striven to circumvent it by far from creditable means.

Practically, it may almost be said that the present producing field about Beaumont, the most important of the Texas oil fields, is confined to the low rise of ground known as Spindle Top. After the finding of oil a year ago land was eagerly taken up for miles and miles around, to the sudden enrichment of native owners and the gradual disillusionment of those who bought. And then ensued a rush to secure some gusher, or share in a gusher, in the most favored spot.

In one respect there has been a curious change. Within the compass of many miles there was not a piece of land but bore the name of the oil company that owned it, and which was either putting down a shaft or preparing to do so; but the greater part of such land is now deemed dry, and such signs have therefore, in most cases, been carefully removed—although by some of the companies the glowing advertisements in Northern papers have not been removed. If the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, be as wonderful as the wise man of old declared, he would add to the list, were he writing now, the way of an oil-less oil company in Texas.

And the most interesting fact—a fact worth repeating—is that in Texas there is really an enormous amount of oil, and that there are companies which own wells of prodigious capacity. In various parts of the State, indeed, as at Jennings and at Sour Lake, oil has been found, and at Beaumont are the gushers whose capacity has astonished the world.

When oil was discovered at Spindle Top a year ago, and gusher after gusher was opened—each of the gushers being of wonderful producing capacity and hurling forth a great stream—the question of transportation at once became of vital and urgent importance.

The Situation When Oil was Found

The railroads were not ready to handle the trade. Oil cars, tank ships were needed. Equipment of all sorts was required. The railroads, too, had still to use their locomotives, their tracks, for other traffic. The feeling of wild exultation, the feeling that fortunes were every minute flowing from the ground, changed to a realization of the fact that there is no fortune in oil that cannot be sent to market.

Then it was that the best equipped, the best managed companies—a very few of such companies, and one of them pre-eminent in readiness for the emergency—began to forge ahead of those which had no equipment, no tank cars, and which could not promptly obtain them. And meanwhile numbers of the gushers were shut down and capped, with nothing at all shipped, or only a little from time to time. That was the problem that the great majority of gusher owners had to solve, or else to admit that their gushers were temporarily of no value whatever.

What is claimed for the field of gushers reads like romance, yet has, in essence, the strength of fact. Of course, this does not mean that every statement of enthusiasts is true. I have before me, for example, a pamphlet in which it is declared that four hours' unchecked flow of all the Spindle Top gushers would yield as much as a full year's flow of all the other oil wells of the world combined. Oil goes to the head. Boomers are not only confident that the public will not strain at a gnat but they expect it to swallow everything that is offered. When, for example, at the "coming-in" of a Beaumont gusher two men were killed, the boomers of the field gave out to the country that the unfortunates were "drowned by the flow of oil," and that a diver had to be secured before it could be checked. Well, it may be so; as well deny the statement, emanating from a rival field when a pool of oil on a prairie took fire, that it was a meteor that set it aflame, and that "a great lake of oil burned furiously." But beneath over-enthusiastic statements lies a great substratum of truth.

Advertising Companies and Their Methods

There has been an amazing springing up of companies which advertise stock at one cent, two cents, five cents, ten cents, twenty-five cents a share. Some of these companies thus offering stock own all or part of a gusher. Many have only "dusters." Some own "dry" land, and have never sunk a well, never raised a derrick. There are some, among the many which were incorporated in other States, that have not even taken out the license which the Texas law requires before they can do business in the Lone Star State. Their business is elsewhere and is entirely of a stock-selling nature.

Much is a curious puzzle. There are honorable companies which really own producing wells, but which sell their stock at a few cents a share, and these, as do the dishonest, base their scheme on their knowledge of human nature, which teaches them that it is easier to gain buyers by the bait of offering them a thousand shares in a gusher for a nominal sum, than one share at a high figure. It is an appeal to personal vanity as well as to the cupidity of the small speculator.

One method, which has been followed by not a few, is to incorporate, say in West Virginia or New Jersey, two companies, one for the purpose of buying land and digging for oil, and the other for the purpose of handling the stock. And it is not infrequently the case that the second company begins operations long before the first; in fact, the first company may never begin operations at all. Sometimes, too, a trustee holds some hundred thousand shares or so "in escrow"—which, whatever it may mean in law or in theory, too often means in practice that the trustee may do pretty much as he pleases with the stock and that it isn't what the stockholders please.

With some of the corporations which advertise stock at a few cents a share the par value is but a few cents, but with others it is one dollar. This is a distinction that many a small speculator overlooks. But, of course, if he believes all the advertisements, he will in either case be able to sell his ten cents' worth for a dollar or more within a few weeks. Perhaps he will; but it is worth while to notice that though there are well-meaning companies of this character there are also evil-meaning; and that it is a matter of amused indignation, to the real owners of Texan oil fields, and to all who feel a pride in Texas, to see, in the papers of Northern cities, alongside of advertisements of reputable and known companies, those of corporations which know not Texas or which Texas does not know, and whose stock is never quoted in the oil exchanges of Houston, of Beaumont, of Galveston. And even among the displays of known companies I have more than once noticed stock advertised in the North at "a special bargain" of twenty-five cents a share, while in Texas it was offered at from three and a half to five cents.

Ways Paved with Honest Intentions

Of course, the way of most of the dishonest companies was paved with honest intentions and they only fell when tempted by "duster" luck; then they could not resist the idea of disposing of their stock, even though their property yielded no oil.

And in regard to every "duster" field there is interesting uncertainty. No one can be sure that the duster of to-day will not, through the boring of a well a dozen feet deeper, become the gusher of to-morrow. But, as it is, there is something pitiful in seeing deserted derricks rising above the dusty, dreary plain, and marking the places where great sums have been buried.

The urgency with which it is so often stated that the buyer must hurry if he wishes to buy at present prices, because the stock is certain to advance one hundred, two hundred or three hundred per cent., is one of the most instructive features and one of the most common phenomena.

Some companies add to their advertisements the statement that oil is worth so many dollars a barrel, and they usually name a good many dollars. But it isn't always held at such prices in Beaumont. In fact, there, oil has a number of times been sold at pitifully low prices—merely a few cents a barrel—and great quantities have gone to waste. Few of the wells are disposing of any large proportion of their possible product.

"If my Spindle Top gusher ran water," said one owner to me, as we stood together in the midst of the derricks, "it

would be worth far more than oil." For the marketing of the oil is the tremendous problem. The way is difficult and few there are that have successfully found it.

As an interesting example of advertising I noticed, in a big display in regard to one of the companies, what purported to be the copy of a telegram received at the president's office from the superintendent in the field, stating that a tremendous flow of oil had just been tapped. But by an oversight the date of the alleged telegram was later than that of the newspaper in which the advertisement appeared.

At Beaumont the air, the food, the water, the earth, the talk are impregnated with oil. And yet there are other topics, too. The boomers will tell you that the region is an earthly paradise. "Yes, sir; we have green grass and roses in bloom all the year round! It is an Eden, sir! Glorious climate! Glorious country! An Eden, sir!"

Far off at one side of the plain flows the deep and gloomy Neches, leading to Port Arthur, one of the points to which Spindle Top oil is sent in pipe lines and where it is loaded aboard ships—Port Arthur, where a great, placid, land-locked lake is thrown in from the Gulf of Mexico; where the air is balmy, even in December; where great tracks in the sand show where monster cranes search for food, and where, as you watch, you see the giant birds steal softly forth; where immense clouds of smoke, across the lake, tell of burning prairie; where fish leap gleaming from the water; where the mosquitoes attain a size and ferocity undreamt of even on the Jersey meadows; where banana trees are loaded with fruit, and where roses and hibiscus are in bloom; where drinking water is imported; and where, in the near future, as at Sabine Pass, it is hoped that increasing quantities of Texas oil will be shipped.

The most interesting of all questions at Spindle Top is whether the Standard Oil Company has interests there. The answer is plain. The laws of Texas are antagonistic to trusts and the Standard cannot do business in the State. Of course, then, the Standard is either not there at all or, if it is there, is there in some other shape.

There are certain considerations that are well worth notice, and among these are the opinions of heavily interested operators.

"I believe that the Standard is interested in some degree in nine-tenths of the producing wells," said one to me gloomily; but that is an absurdity. Even supposing the Standard to have designs on the Texas oil fields, it does not need to be interested in so many. A few, so long as they were well chosen, would be quite sufficient, and the majority of owners believe that the Standard has in some way established itself, and firmly.

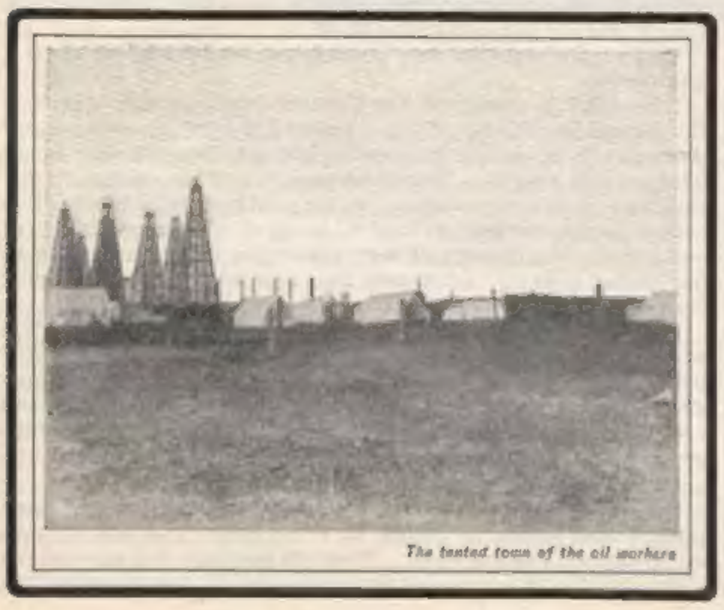
Is there a Lake of Oil Under Spindle Top?

Conditions are most curious. What is known as the "proven district" at Spindle Top is very limited. The wells that have proved to be gushers there are so close together that there is grave fear that they are all drawing from one great reservoir or subterranean lake; a lake which may or may not be fed from exhaustless sources.

Many of the thick-massed producing wells have not as yet found a way to get to market with much of their oil, and their owners helplessly wonder whether the companies that are making large shipments will exhaust the oil supply of the lake before they themselves can begin active operations. One active company owns property away from the edge of the gusher field, but it does not choose, at present, to work it. That can wait. In various directions, round about, "dusters" have been sunk, till hopelessness has crept into many an owner's heart. But there is one strip, long and broad, leading away from the "proven territory," in which shafts have not been sunk; and this strip, so long and so broad, is owned by a great corporation.

It is believed that there has been extensive examination of this ground, and that its owners have confidence that, leading from Spindle Top, there is a stream of oil or a series of reservoirs. And meanwhile the company is pumping from the already discovered lake into which it is thought the wells of so many penetrate.

So it is that some who own wells of great productiveness are alarmed. They fear that, by the time they themselves have tank cars built and tank ships constructed and pipe lines laid (and all these things will come slowly, for the builders, they say, are sure to have such a press of orders that it will be many months before equipment can be furnished), the present gushers will have been drained dry.



The tented town of the oil workers

"Some men with a million barrels of oil under their derricks can no more get it to market than an oil millionaire can take his millions to Heaven!" exclaimed one man.

When it is added that the operators are not even sure of every part of Spindle Top as having oil, their woes and perplexities will be still more fully appreciated.

But there is also a bright side to all this. The oil is really there. It is there in immense quantities. Many companies have tapped the producing field. Should the supply prove to be exhaustless, or practically so, as the tremendous pressure seems to indicate, there will be a time of riches and prosperity for all who will patiently wait for a little, and meanwhile capably work and plan.

And it is certain that the Standard has not secured all of Spindle Top against independent competition; it is certain that it has not secured all of the lesser Texas oil fields that have been discovered. And what to-day seems the dryest "duster" may to-morrow be found to be in the centre of a rich oil district. As this is written, indeed, comes the report that in a field not far from Beaumont, heretofore deemed hopelessly "dry," a gusher has just been tapped.

The best opportunity for many companies seems to lie in the piping of oil to some shipping point along the coast; for

A midwinter garden at Port Arthur

the broad ocean is not fettered within steel-railed limitations, and therefore offers greater opportunities. In this direction, indeed, much energy is at present being expended, and with this broadening of the output, together with the increase of railroad facilities, the outlook for gusher owners will continue to grow brighter and brighter. If everything goes well, no corporation, no combination of corporations, can hope to control shipments of Texas oil.

Uses to Which the Oil May be Put

In the utilization of the oil for fuel operators look for a tremendous demand for their product. A number of locomotives have already been equipped for oil burning, and the result is said to be very satisfactory. The problem of securing coal at prices that are not prohibitive is a serious one in some parts of the Southwest, and oil-well owners hope that the substitution of oil as fuel will solve the problem, to the mutual advantage of the owners of gusher property and the managers of railroads. It will, of course, require time to make the necessary changes and to agree upon necessary contracts, but it is in this direction that the eyes of many gusher owners are turned.

And, too, hopeful oil men declare that with this enormous and increasing supply of fuel oil in Texas great manufacturing industries will inevitably spring up; that mills and factories will dot the ground; and that clouds of smoke will float over plains where Texas cattle now roam at will.

And, too, expert chemists are working out problems in regard to the refining of oil and the production of various by-products; they will show you phials of the fuel in a long array of colors and will talk wisely of this, that, and the other resultant, and of this, that, and the other use.

And at least one company has already begun the operation of a large refinery, and others are planning to follow, for they feel sure that there is much more money in refined than in fuel oil.

That one or two combinations have already been organized for the purpose of oil transportation, by rail or ocean, or both, also shows that there are many oil men who do not fear a speedy exhaustion of the supply.

It is keenly interesting to learn of the good luck stories of those who sold at high prices; but the full story would tell also of fortunes wasted, of money thrown into holes in the ground. Hollow-eyed and anxious men (for there are some who will not insouciantly continue the sale and exploitation of worthless stock in the North) haunt the Beaumont hotels and follow capitalists about, in the sad hope of finding some way to recoup their losses, or in the hope of some discovery that will turn the tide of their fortunes.

Of course, as was inevitable, English capitalists have become largely interested, and only recently three English agents, who had been sent on a personal visit of inspection to the field, went back, satisfied, to their own land, stayed with flagons of samples and comforted by the sight of gushers.

And the fact that oil and wealth are really there is making Beaumont, loosely sprawled-out city that it is, sprawl still farther over the prairie, and there is much prosperity there.

Stories About Things Above and Under Ground

Anxious and nervous the speculators are; yet they cannot but laugh, with grim admiration, at that one of their number who, when a suspicious stockholder came to Beaumont to examine into his company's chances, drove the inquisitor to Spindle Top, halted the carriage a quarter of a mile away, and then sweeping his arm to include a hundred or more producing wells, exclaimed with superb aplomb: "There, sir, is our property!"

They laugh, too, at the sign, "Brown and Smith, Mules;" for to the visitor to the town there is humor in it.

And one of them tells of how, wiring ahead for a "room and bath," he found, on his arrival, that the hotel was jammed to its utmost capacity. He was shown to a little narrow room. "But I ordered a room and bath!" he exclaimed angrily. Whereupon the porter lifted the narrow cot and showed that it had been laid upon the bathtub.

And now the Beaumontese—some of them—are frightening themselves with the vision, which some one conjured up and set forth, of a mighty explosion, the greatest in the history of the world. The theory is that the number of perforations through the rock which is supposed to cover, like a plate, the great lake of oil with its tremendous pressure, must be weakening that rock plate, and that, by being so weakened, the rock may at any moment give way, whereupon an awful flood of oil will roll forth, catching fire as it comes, and that, being fed from some source hundreds or thousands of miles away, there can be no checking of it.

And some are amused by a triangular discussion that has been going on in regard to the correct pronunciation of the name of Beaumont; some of the inhabitants declaring for a first syllable pronounced like "bew," some for "bo," and some for the sound of "g" to end the word.

So fierce was the speculative excitement in the earlier days that nothing was thought of but oil; and when the late President McKinley passed through the town, on his way to the Pacific Coast, not a dozen men were at the station to see the Presidential train pull slowly by and to cheer for the Chief Magistrate, but a great throng, at that very moment, not a stone's throw from the track, were surging about the latest reputed millionaire.

A vigilance committee has been formed to take charge of the "proven district," where the derricks and oil wells are so close together as to make the fear of a disastrous fire an ever-present one. A man is in charge as chief inspector and under him are deputies, and all men in the field must obey strict regulations in regard to the care and proximity of necessary fires, the opening of wells, the clearing of drainage ditches, the nearness of tents or lodging-houses and saloons, and whatever other points may seem of importance.

In the dusty air, under a blue, blue sky and a hot, hot sun, the derricks rise in bare impressiveness; and over them, from time to time, the great buzzards of the region wing their heavy flight, while in the distance immense swarms of rice birds hover over the fields. Evening comes in the busy town, and the Salvation Army, with preponderance of bass drum and of tenor, insistently demands "Oh, why will ye die?" And you notice a party of half a dozen sombreroed cowboys, sitting statuesque on their ponies, listening and watching impassively; and then out upon the level plain they go, and there, in a circling camp, workers sit in front of their tented homes, and fires flare, and the stars look quietly down on the solemn desolateness of it all.

The Neches River near Beaumont

SINFUL PECK—By Morgan Robertson

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Author of Masters of Men

PART II

TO MR. BROWN, steeped in the traditions of deep-water seafaring, the easy acquiescence of this shanghaied crew to the dictum of the Captain was but a natural deference to armed authority.

"Do your work like men," he had said to his half of them when the watches had been picked at eight bells that evening, "and I'll treat you like men. But if you don't—if you gi' me any trouble—you'll find me a tough customer, I'll tell ye that." To which the thirteen men of his watch had made no response until Big Pig Monahan, shifting his glance from the second mate, cleared his throat and answered: "Aye, aye, sir; we can do our work."

Then they had joined in the response, and Mr. Brown had marched to his room with the peculiar jerk to the knee-joints which so well becomes an efficient and self-confident officer.

"Well, Captain, . . . you see, the unexpected has happened"

But the truculent Mr. Becker had paid no such trivial compliment to the intelligence of the men; he paid a stronger at midnight, when he sent the sleepy Mr. Brown back to his room for his revolver, enjoining upon him never to leave it out of his reach. "For ye've got a crowd," he added; "that fear neither man, God or devil, but they do fear a gun. Show it occasionally, an' use it if necessary, or some o' these nights I'll come on deck an' find ye gone."

"What's happened, Mr. Becker?" asked the second mate when he had returned with his pistol.

"Nothin'," said the mate in a low voice, with a suspicious glance at Poop-Deck, at the wheel; "but that don't mean nothin', by a long sight. They've dropped into line like the best crew there ever was, but—the skipper told ye, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir, the Almena's crew; but they seem to be quiet, well-behaved old men, now."

"Yes, quiet and well-behaved—just now. But did you notice them all day long—how sore their hands got? They're not used to the work lately. Lived ashore, I take it, for some time; an' they'll make trouble over this, sooner or later. The skipper's worried, but there's only one thing for you an' me to do—carry it through. We're the mates, they're the crew, an' we only know that much. Don't listen to any arguments."

"All right, sir."

"An' stand your watch on the poop. Let the bosun tend to things forrard, an' if you want me or the skipper, stamp on the deck over our heads."

"Yes, sir."

"An' don't let 'em forget that you're heeled; an' don't hesitate to shoot if they make a break."

"All right, sir."

"Course east by south. Wind's haulin' to the s'uthard."

"East by south, sir."

The mate went below, and during his watch Mr. Brown found no occasion to change his estimate of the crew. The six nondescript landsmen in his watch were like all such—very much in their own and others' way; but the seven of evil repute were quite up to his description of them—quiet, well-behaved old men, intelligent and respectful, and aside from their involuntary wincing as their inflamed hands gripped the ropes that they pulled, as efficient a watch as the hardiest of seasoned sailors. They knew the ropes, knew the calls, and even anticipated a great many of the second mate's orders.

And so he reported to the Captain in the morning; but the Captain so far overruled the judgment as to call the broken-down Benson aft at one bell, bathe him, clothe him from the slop-chest, then arm him, and give him instructions similar to those given Mr. Brown by Mr. Becker.

Yet, at noon, probably inspired by the sight of Mr. Benson's new clothes, the whole shivering crew, twenty-four men, without Sinful and Seldom, came aft with a peaceful front, and respectfully requested Captain Jackson to sell them slops against their wages—thus indicating their present submission, at least. Captain Jackson was obliging to the extent of his power; he was glad to sell, but not having enough of any one garment to go around, he could only deliver the store of clothing to them in a lump, chargeable against the twenty-four men as a whole, and advise them to be brotherly and share with one another. They took the clothing forward, and divided up as they could.

And so the big ship sailed over on the first leg of the long Atlantic zigzag, each day driving the right of Might deeper into the hearts and brains of these men, and by the time the northeast trade was reached things were running smoothly. Mr. Benson, though testy of temper and tremulous of voice, had developed into a capable member of the afterguard, wise in his judgment of wind and weather, and skillful in the planning of work; Seldom Helward, at the respectful petition of Poop-Deck and Big Pig, and on his promise of good behavior, had been released from irons and placed in the port watch; and Sinful Peck had so far recovered as to be of use at light tasks with palm-and-needle.

But Sinful's cheerfulness had deserted him, and his girth was perceptibly less—the last possibly due to his melancholy, but more probably to the forecastle diet, which was not fattening. And his moodiness, too, though possibly the thoughtful habit of mind often induced by bitter experience with buckshot, was more probably due to the antagonism of his fellows. Even as they had carefully picked the last leaden globule from his tissue, and nursed him to health as they would a sick mule, so now they reviled him and cursed him as earnestly as they might the same mule when past the need of pity. Yet Sinful maintained the moral strength which, with the unwitting coöperation of Mr. Brown, made it possible later for these men to win their point.

The Captain, the first and the third mate, though abating not one whit of their dignity as masters of the situation, were scrupulously careful not to provoke the crew unnecessarily. Mr. Brown, on the contrary, became a victim to his incomplete early estimate of them. He had successfully assaulted Sinful in the beginning; later he found occasion to assault the landsman of his watch; then, dropping easily into the habit of a good second mate, he incautiously planted his fist between the shoulder-blades of Gunner Meagher one night as Gunner was passing—too slowly in Mr. Brown's opinion—on his way to the wheel.

He admitted later that he had no real knowledge of what happened. He had not thought of using his pistol until the last glimmer of consciousness was leaving him, and when he came to his senses afterward, flat on his back in the alley, unable to tell which part of his body hurt the most, the pistol was gone from his pocket. There were men coming toward him from the poop-steps and another from aft, evidently the man who had had the wheel. Rising unsteadily, with his hand still in his empty pocket, he saw these men halt in their tracks, and realized, dazed as he was, that his loss of the pistol was unknown to them.

"Down off the poop wi' you!" he yelled, his hand still in his pocket, and they obeyed him, the man from the wheel hurrying by him with head averted, as though fearing a blow. First assuring himself that Gunner was at the wheel he rapped on the deck over the mate's head, and when he appeared, explained to him. The mate listened, and called the Captain and third mate. While waiting for them the two searched the alley, but found no pistol.

It was no time for recrimination: there was a loaded pistol at large, and when the Captain had slipped another into the hand of the second mate they marched aft to interview the helmsman.

"Hands up," ordered the Captain sternly as he covered Gunner with his revolver. "Take the wheel, Mr. Benson;" and as the third mate caught the spinning spokes, Gunner meekly raised his hands. "Go through him, Mr. Becker. Get that gun, first thing."

"I have no gun, gentlemen," said Gunner brokenly.

"Shut up. Search him well, Mr. Becker."

"No gun here, sir," answered the mate after he had felt all around in the clothing of Gunner.

"I repeat, gentlemen, I have no gun. If, as I surmise, Mr. Brown's pistol is missing, I can only suggest that it fell from his pocket a few moments ago; but I did not see it. I fear that if I had he would not be standing erect now. I am glad that it is so. I am very sorry—for—for my unseemly rage; but I had not been struck for years—in fact, since the voyage of the Almena, Captain—and I lost control of myself. I sincerely beg Mr. Brown's pardon."

Mr. Brown gasped. Such an attitude of mind in a sailor was beyond his experience, and they were silent while they stared at Gunner. Then the Captain spoke. "What the devil are you—a prize-fighter or a preacher?"

"I am neither, Captain, but, if you will pardon me, I prefer giving no details regarding myself."

"Take the wheel again."

Gunner took the spokes from the third mate, and the party mustered in the weather alley, where they all remained, speculating on the situation, until morning. The men were not disturbed, only as they were counted and ordered to relieve the wheel and lookout in the usual way when they came aft at the change of watches; but the two men who relieved the wheel at four and six o'clock were searched for the missing pistol, and the lee alley was gone over again at daylight, to no avail. At seven bells the men were called aft, and the armed afterguard scowled down on them from the top of the house. In language terse and expressive the Captain explained that the pistol must be given up or there would be trouble.

"We don't know anything about that pistol, Captain," said Big Pig, "and did not hear of it until Gunner came forward at eight bells. But you know us pretty well, Captain—you know that if we got that gun there'd be something doing before this. I admit, candidly, that I was one of those who came aft to help Gunner. I only wish I'd laid hands on it. Gunner here is the only one who might not have used it, and he didn't get it. If he had he'd ha' given it back. That's the kind of man Gunner is, these days."

"That will do," ordered the Captain sternly. Then he studied the upturned faces beneath him.

"Until that pistol is produced," he said at last, "you will be kept up in your afternoon watch, and you will be worked through the night watches by lantern light. You will also be put upon the allowance; and you know what that means—practically starvation."

Then up spoke Sinful Peck. "Which allowance do you mean, Captain; the new or the old?"

"You will get your three quarts of water, your pound of beef and bread, your pea soup and codfish; no more. Go forrard, the pack of you," answered the Captain impatiently. But Sinful was not satisfied.

"You're quoting the old whack, Captain," he said, "and the law of ninety-eight has substituted a much better. If you put us on the Government allowance you'll have to give us pie——"

"That's enough," interrupted the Captain. "Go forrard."

"It's not enough, Captain. There's a new scale of provisions provided by law, and I demand it. There's four quarts of water allowed per man; there's a pound and a half of fresh bread a day, besides half a pound of hardtack and half a pound of flour. There's canned goods, and dried fruit, and pickles, and good coffee. There's a scale of provisions good enough for a longshoremen's boarding-house, and I demand it for this crew. I demand pie three times a week, for there's an allowance of an ounce of lard a day which can't be used up except in pie-crust. And there's a penalty, Captain Jackson, of from fifty cents to a dollar a day for each man of your crew deprived of any part of this allowance."

"Shut up, you fo'castle lawyer," said the astounded Captain.

"I will not shut up," replied Sinful excitedly. "I have a right to speak. I have been assaulted illegally aboard this ship, and for that, Captain Jackson, you and your second mate shall serve from three months to two years in jail, as sure as you live to be tried. There is no alternative of fine in the amendment, which I quoted at the time. Also, Captain, you will be mulcted to the tune of a hundred dollars for not providing a suitable slop-chest and a safe and warm forecastle. Both forecastles are leaky, and the doors open forward. Every sea comes in. Section Forty-five-hundred-and-seventy-two of the Revised Statutes is amended——"

"Will you shut up, and get forrard!" roared the enraged Captain. "Any more o' this, and I'll put you in irons!"

"So much the worse for you if you do, Captain Jackson," answered Sinful bravely; "and right here, Captain, I make a formal request for one suit of woolen clothing provided by law from the slop-chest. These thieves beside me have stolen my clothes."

A few of the "thieves"—all of whom had been regarding him with wonder—frowned sternly at him now, but most faces took on a grin. It was somewhat contagious, though Mr. Benson remained immune.

"I will consider your request and all that you have said," said the Captain. "But I say to you again: Go forrard, at once."

They trooped forward, and the Captain and first mate went to breakfast, the former procuring a pamphlet from his room before seating himself at the table.

"I heard about this new law ashore, sir," said Mr. Becker anxiously.

"So did I," answered the Captain, turning the leaves of the pamphlet; "and if I'd expected to have a single one o' those devils aboard I'd have looked into it. Here it is, all here. He's right—'compensation.'" He read: "'For shortage in stores'—um—'to be paid to him in addition to and to be recoverable as wages'—um—'not exceeding fifty'—Listen! 'In respect of bad quality, a sum not exceeding one dollar a day.' Let's see this new whack." He turned the leaves, and read silently.

"He's right, Mr. Becker," he said, looking up. "It would run a hotel. What fools got up this scale? Why, it'll take the profits of the voyage. Here, steward!" he called; and when the steward came he said: "Look this over, and see what you make of it. How about that pie?" The steward, who had heard the petition of Sinful, took the pamphlet, and the Captain began his breakfast.

"I see, Captain," said the smiling steward a few moments later, "that there is plenty of fresh bread and biscuit provided, as well as the flour. Now, if there was baking-powder allowed, this flour could be expended in tea-biscuits, but

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Editor's Note—This two-part story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of last week. It is the first of a series of stories based on the adventures of Sinful Peck and his shipmates on a voyage around the world.

without it, and with the daily allowance of lard to be used up, why, there is nothing but as the man said—pie-crust."

Pie for sailors!" muttered the mate. "Pie!" But the Captain said nothing. He remained in his room through the day, and in the last dog watch called all hands aft.

"Men," he said to them when they had mustered at the mizzen hatch, "I find that I am caught foul on this new law"—he held the pamphlet opened in his hand as he spoke, and occasionally glanced at it—"and I am not prepared to carry out all its provisions—that is, not having the stores on board, I cannot feed you the new allowance, which is much better than the 'full-and-plenty' which I have so far given you. The old whack which I spoke of is not to be considered, of course. Now, I mean to continue the full-and-plenty, and I mean to give you watch-and-watch, and there will be no night work except such as is necessary, or such as may be given in individual cases as punishment, although the new law says nothing about these things. I grant this of my own accord. I am satisfied by this time that Mr. Brown's pistol went overboard in the scuffle last night; also do I consider Gunner Meagher's explanation of his not having been struck of late years, and his losing control of himself. He got the best of Mr. Brown and ought to be satisfied. I find that I, or my owners, are liable to one hundred dollars fine for not providing a suitable slop-chest, and for the faulty construction of the forecastle. This will be paid cheerfully at the end of the voyage. I find that both Mr. Brown and myself are liable to imprisonment for assault on Sinful Peck, and that I am liable to civil damages if I allow Mr. Brown to escape. I will see that he does not escape; and we will both appear for trial on the complaint of Sinful Peck. Against this I expect that you will work, faithfully and respectfully, as you have done—with the exception of Sinful Peck."

It was a manly speech; the men were certainly impressed. They looked at one another, and then Big Pig spoke.

"That is all right, Captain," he said. "As far as it goes. If we are to finish the voyage the grub and the forecastle are small matters, and further assault might be met with on the spot, without waiting for the courts to act; but does the new law say anything about taking men to sea against their wishes?"

"Nothing at all; neither is it changed in regard to mutiny or resistance to assault. If assaulted, your redress is in the courts; resistance at sea is mutiny, and you can be shot. We will shoot you if you mutiny. And in the case of Sinful Peck, he had best understand that our punishment for assaulting him is already earned and will be no heavier if the assault is repeated. He has eaten his cake."

"We care nothing for Sinful nor his troubles, Captain. He signed for the voyage; we did not. We're old men, not overfond of scrapping, and we mean to take this matter into court at the first opportunity. Just the same, you can consider that it is your being armed that induces us to this submission. We accept the situation under protest."

"Your protest will go into the official log. If you have nothing more to say, you may go forward."

They went forward, and the Captain turned to his officers.

"Whether or not they have that pistol, it is the only course to take. They are intelligent men, able to make trouble. We know that well. The Consul at Singapore can do nothing but order their discharge. Well, men are plenty there, and wages low. If they want to stay, work them up until they are glad to desert, but treat them well until then—that is—well, Mr. Brown, you are going to jail. I consign Sinful Peck to your care until then."

"All right, sir." And the second mate smiled.

The experiences of Sinful Peck during the rest of the passage were harrowing in the extreme. Shunned and snubbed by his shipmates, hazed and harassed by the officers—a Pariah among his kind—he grew thinner and thinner as the voyage progressed, until his rather small-boned frame held nothing of fat—only a knotty covering of muscular tissue. He was the one man of the crew kept up in the afternoon watch, and, being a proficient helmsman, he did all the day steering in fine weather, his tricks on alternate days lasting from breakfast to supper-time. If there was a particularly hard or distasteful task to be done, Sinful was put to it; if there was an Irish pennant (a stray rope-yarn) hanging on a lofty stay or stretch of rigging, Sinful was sent to remove it. He was cursed and kicked by the officers—even the superannuated third mate doing his share; but the secret, dominating attitude of mind which had governed his perversity at the beginning held him together—only the fixed, sullen scowl which had come to his face showing how he suffered.

As for the other men, under the masterly influence of Big Pig and Poop Deck, they did their work so well and so willingly that there was really no excuse for criticism or ill treatment, and no apparent need for the occasional ostentatious display of weapons by the officers, or for their standing the night watches so faithfully on the poop. Though the old enemies, Seldom Helward and Mr. Berker, looked fixedly into each other's faces once in a while, as though wishing for changed conditions, no further approach to friction occurred until the ship had rounded the Cape, sailed across the broad stretch of the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Sunda, and up the Sumatran coast to near the entrance of Rhio Strait, where, among the flock of native craft heating out to sea, Captain Jackson made out the presence of a Singapore pilot boat, and so informed his second mate in a voice loud enough to be heard by all. Then something occurred which shows that human nature is weak, and that fixed, dominating purpose has its limits.

Work was going on; the second mate was on the main-deck overseeing it, and Sinful had spilled some paint on the deck. As the Captain sang out the news of the coming pilot, Mr. Brown was in the act of reproving Sinful; and Big Pig Monahan, passing at the moment, stopped short and said:

"That's a shame! What's the use of half killing him? I've seen enough of this. Now quit it." Then he had calmly twisted the belaying-pin from Mr. Brown's hand, and dropped it. The second mate sprang away, reaching for his pistol, and Big Pig folded his big arms. Mr. Brown might or might not have used the pistol, but he was not given time. Sinful, his eyes streaming with tears that were possibly started more from Big Pig's sympathy than from his rage, drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the second mate through the leg. The officer fell to the deck.

"You will, will you!" screamed Sinful. "Drive a man to the gallows, will you! All right—here goes."

He turned and took good aim at the Captain, hurrying along the alley-way above them, but missed him. The Captain turned back, evidently unarmed at this fatal moment when he needed arms; but Big Pig, with kindling eyes, picked up the second mate's revolver and covered him.

"Come back, Captain," he called; "don't you go below. Come down here! Quick, or I'll bore you!"

The Captain hesitated, while the short, blue tube in Big Pig's steady hand searched his very soul; then he came slowly forward and down the steps. And while he came Sinful's strident voice was calling:

"Down from aloft everybody. Call the watch."

"Shut up, you fo'castle lumper," said the astounded Captain

The men were coming down by the running rigging and aft on the deck. One bawled into the port forecastle, and soon the watch below flocked out. Sinful tied the wrists of his wounded persecutor with the lanyard of his paint pot, then joined Big Pig in his menace to the Captain.

"Not one word, Captain," said Big Pig, "or you'll be killed. We're in for it now, though a little suddenly. Submit, and you won't be harmed. Lie down on deck and put your hands behind you—Quick!"

The last word burst out like the blast of a trumpet, for the Captain had begun to speak. He quietly lay down and extended his hands. The men bound him, and Big Pig found time to ask:

"Where'd you get that gun, Sinful?"

"Found it—found it on deck that night. Come on, Big Pig—come on, the rest o' you. They're asleep yet."

Forward were the two bosuns—one just aroused—the carpenter, steward and cook looking aft at them, but displaying no hostility in their anxious faces. Mr. Becker and Mr. Benson, asleep in their berths, were wakened by cold muzzles pressed into their temples, and stern voices ordering them to "Lie still." They were bound in their berths and locked into the room. Then the men noisily returned to the deck.

"Back the main-yards, boys," sang out Big Pig, who easily assumed the direction of things. "Bring her up," he added to the man at the wheel. "Keep the mizzen royal just lifting."

In five minutes the ship was hove to, and Big Pig, while the crew raided the cabin for firearms, secured a deck bucket and sat down upon it, facing the conquered Captain Jackson, who had philosophically struggled to a sitting posture.

"Well, Captain," he said good-humoredly, "you see, the unexpected has happened. We have charge of the ship, and she's hove to. Now which do you think she ought to do—remain hove to until that pilot comes along, or turn back for New York?"

"Take the pilot, in the name of common-sense. There's jail for you all in either case."

"Not necessarily, Captain. The laugh would be decidedly on you if we sailed back without touching at Singapore, and though there might be complications there wouldn't be any jail. Do you know that this crowd can control the Cleveland Board of Trade, and could bring a pretty strong pressure on the New York Chamber of Commerce?"

Captain Jackson's face was non-committal, though his eyes opened slightly. The second mate, lying in his blood, groaned a little at this moment, and Big Pig, without rising, beckoned to the men coming out of the cabin, and called out for the steward. They carried the second mate, still bound, to his berth, and locked the steward into the room with him. For, though they had found a large armament, the steward might know of other guns.

"You made a bad mistake, Captain," resumed Big Pig, "to think that for thirty years men would remain before the mast helpless under the law. For one, I am master and managing owner of a steel steamer twice the size of this ship. I have a clear case of damages against you for taking me away from my business. Turkey Twain, who painted your hencoop yesterday, has been two terms a Mayor of a Western city. Gunner Meagher happens to own a few dollars, sent from Heaven, he thinks, but inherited from an Irish uncle, I know. And"—and Big Pig grinned—"he did up your bucko second mate all right."

"Well," asked the Captain, "what about Sinful Peck? He admits signing articles."

"And he did—to pay a fool bet on Bryan's election in the campaign of ninety-six. You see, the bet was that he should make a voyage with Captain Benson, if he still sailed a ship, or with you, or Mr. Becker, wherever you were. We easily found track of you through the Maritime Exchange, and had to wait two years until you struck New York; then we all—all but two—came down to make sure he sailed. He had to pay a crimp heavily to ship him, fat as he was, and paid the crimp also—that is, we think he did—to shanghai us. Sinful doped us all at a supper, and the crimp did the rest."

(Concluded on Page 19.)

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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The Captain Returns From Washington.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS—Captain George Curtis, U. S. A., is Indian Agent on a Tetong Reservation, having been sent to replace an Agent who mistreated the Indians. Jennie, the sister of the Captain, is also at the Agency. The cattlemen of the State have determined to force the Indians from the Reservation. Elsie Brisbane, an artist the daughter of United States Senator Brisbane, and Osborne Lawson, an author from the East, were at the Agency when Captain Curtis arrived, but have returned to Washington. Miss Brisbane, while at the Reservation, was bitterly antagonistic to Curtis, but has written him a letter of apology from Washington. She is a girl of striking beauty and is understood to be engaged to Lawson, but Captain Curtis has begun to realize that he himself is in love with her. He has been summoned to Washington in order to testify regarding Indian affairs, has looked forward with longing to again meeting Elsie, and has just called at the Brisbane home.

NINTH CHAPTER

CURTIS was amazed at the size and splendor of Lawson's apartments. He had accepted the novelist's invitation to take breakfast with him without much thought as to where the meal would be eaten

"Why, see here, Lawson," he exclaimed as he looked about him, "this is too much for any bachelor—it's baronial. I had a notion you were a hardworking ethnologic sharp!"

"I am," replied Lawson, smiling with frank enjoyment of his visitor's amazement. "I've been up two hours at work at this very desk."

The room was filled with books, cases of antique pottery, paintings of Indians, models of Pueblo dwellings and other things in keeping. It was made warm and rich in color by half a dozen very choice Navajo blankets of the fine old weaves in vegetable dyes so dear to the collector. The long table was heaped with all the latest magazines, mixed with dozens of books with markers set to guard valuable passages. It was plainly the den of a student of wide interests.

Lawson's lean, brown face at once assumed a different aspect to Curtis—it became more refined, more scholarly and distinctly less shrewd and quizzical—and he began to understand his host's easy acceptance of the defiance of Western politicians and millionaire railway owners. Plainly a man of large private fortune, and enjoying high connections socially, what had he to fear?

At the same time that Lawson's power was revealed to him his own heart sank—for he realized that here was an ideal husband and home for Elsie. "While I," he thought, "have only a barrack in a desolate Indian country to offer her."

And he swung deep in the trough of his sea of doubt.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is this: How can you pull up and leave such a home"—(he indicated the breadth of the room with a sweep of his hand)—"and go out on the Painted Desert or down the Chaco?"

Lawson smiled. "It is absurd, isn't it? Man's an unaccountable beast—but come—breakfast is waiting."

After breakfast Lawson accompanied him to the Interior Department and introduced him to the Secretary, who had the preoccupied air of a business man, rather than the assumed leisure of the politician. He shook hands cordially.

"I'm glad to meet you, Captain. Yours is a distinguished name with us. We recognize the value of your volunteer service. Our mutual friend, Lawson, here, threatens to make you Secretary in my stead."

"Not so bad as that, Mr. Secretary," laughed Lawson. "I merely suggested he'd make an excellent President."

"Oh! Well, it all comes to the same thing." He became serious at once. "Now, Captain, I would suggest that you put this whole matter, as you see it, together with your recommendation, into the briefest, most telling form possible, and be ready to come before the Committee to-morrow. Confer with the Commissioner and be ready to meet the arguments of the opposition. Brisbane is representing the cattlemen in this controversy, and he is a strong man. I agree entirely with you and Lawson that the Tetongs should remain where they are and be helped in the way you suggest. Be ready with figures of the cost of satisfying claims of the settlers, etc. Come and see me again. Good-morning." And he bent to his desk again.

Lawson immediately led the way across the square in search of the Indian Office. The Commissioner's room, a large, bare room, was filled with a dozen or more red men, all wearing new blue suits and wide black hats. They were smoking in contemplative silence—with only an occasional word spoken in undertone. It was plain they were waiting an audience with the chief

Several of them seemed to know Lawson, and one or two cried "Ho! Ho!" and came up to shake hands. But they fairly quivered with pleasure as Curtis began to sign-talk with them.

"Who are you?" he asked of one. "Oh! Northern Cheyenne—I know. And you are Apache?" he said to another. "I can tell that, too. What are you all waiting for? To see the Commissioner? Have you had a good visit? Yes, I see you have nice new suits. The Government is good to you sometimes." They laughed at his sharp hits. "Well, don't stay too long here; your nice clothes will wear out."

One old man, whose gestures were peculiarly flowing and dignified, thereupon said: "When the white man come to buy our lands we are great chiefs—very tall. When we ask for our money to be paid to us then we are small—like children." This caused a general laugh, in which Curtis joined. They all wanted to know who he was and he told them. "Ah! we are glad for the Tetongs. They have a good man; we can see that."

Lawson meanwhile had entered the Commissioner's office and now, reappearing, said to Curtis

"The chief will see you at once."

The Acting Commissioner wore the troubled look of a man sorely overworked and bodily badgered. He breathed a sigh of ostentatious relief as he faced his two visitors who came neither to complain nor to ask favors. He looked at Curtis contemplatively, his pale face set in sad lines.

"I'm leaning on you in this Tetong business," he began. "I have so many such fights I can't give you the attention you deserve. It seems as though our settlers were crazy about Indian lands. I honestly believe if we should lay out a Reservation on the Painted Desert there'd be a rush for it instanter. 'The Injun has it—let's take it away from him,' seems to be their war-cry. I am pestered to death with schemes for cutting down Reservations and removing tribes. It would seem as if these poor, hunted devils might have a thumb-nail's extent of the continent they once entirely owned; but no—so long as an acre exists—they are [illegible] I'm worn out with the attempt to defend them. I have nervous prostration or something worse if this pressure continues. Yesterday nearly finished me. What kind of men have you got out there, anyway? Are they all pelicans?"

Curtis listened with amazement to this frank avowal—but Lawson only laughed

"This is one of the Commissioner's poor days. He'll fight to the last ditch——"

"Irrigating ditch!" supplemented the Commissioner. "Yes, there's another nightmare. Beautiful complication! The Government puts the Indian on a Reservation so dry that water won't run down hill, and then Lawson or some other friend of the Indian comes in and insists on irrigating ditches being put in, and then I am besieged by civil engineers for jobs, and contractors twist my door-knobs off. Captain Curtis, keep out of the Indian Service if you have any conscience."

"That's exactly why I recommended him," said Lawson; "because he *has* a conscience."

"It'll shorten his life ten years and do no material good Well, now, about this Tetong embroglio."

Thereupon he fell upon the problem with the most intense application and Curtis had a feeling that his little season of plain speaking had refreshed him. Together they arranged their plan of battle, and when his visitors withdrew the Commissioner said: "You are a comfort to me, Captain."

Curtis spent the remainder of the day in putting together his defense of the Tetongs; compiling figures and drawing maps to show the location of grass and water. He did not rise from his work till the signal for closing came, and then he gathered his papers together and took them home to his room in the club to put the finishing touches to them.

The hearing took place at ten o'clock the following morning, and Curtis, being punctual, had opportunity for a last consultation with Lawson before the Chairman came in and called the committeemen to order. The members sat about for the most part in silence, ruminating like cattle, with eyes fixed on the walls or upon slips of paper in their hands. Occasionally some one of them would rouse up and ask a question, but their general attitude seemed to be that of bored and preoccupied business men. They came and went carelessly in response to calls of their clerks, and Curtis perceived that they had very little interest in the life or death of the red men. He would have been profoundly discouraged had not the Chairman been alert and his questions to the point. He held a short conversation with him after his formal statement had been taken, and this interview was pleasing.

"I think I can hold this raid in check," he said in answer to Curtis. "I am very glad to find a man of your quality taking up this branch of the service." He paused and a smile wrinkled his long Scotch face. "They accuse me of being a weak sentimentalist because I refuse to consider the red man in the light of a reptile. I was an abolitionist"—the smile faded—"in days when it meant something to defend the negro, and in standing for the Indian's rights I am merely continuing my life-work. It isn't a question of whether I know the Indian or not, though I know him better than most of my critics; it's a question of his rights under our treaties. I should like to hear from you [illegible], of course, whenever you have anything to say. Lawson's testimony"—he put his hand on Lawson's shoulder—"is worth more to me than a whole State of interested boomers. He's a comfort to us, for we know he has nothing to gain or lose in any question which comes up."

Curtis shook hands with the old man with a feeling of security. Here at least was a man to be depended upon to do the right thing. He began to think that Lawson was a personal friend of every official connected with the Department.

As they stepped out into the hall the two young men came face to face with Elsie and her father

"Are we too late?" cried the girl. "Is the hearing over?"

"My part of it is," replied Curtis. "At least for to-day. They may recall me in a day or two."

Brisbane was visibly annoyed. "I didn't suppose you would come on till eleven; that's the word I got over the 'phone. I particularly wanted to hear your deposition," he added sourly.

"Papa has an idea your opposition to this bill is important," Elsie said jestingly, as Curtis nervously edged away from Brisbane. She was in radiant health and spirits, and her cloak and hat were most becoming

Brisbane followed Curtis up. "Now that your hearing is over, suppose you get into our carriage and go home with us to lunch?"

"Please do!" said Elsie with flattering sincerity

Curtis hesitated and was made captive. "It is a great temptation," he acknowledged.

Elsie perceived him yielding and cried out: "He will come. And you, too, Osborne."

Lawson looked defeated. "I can't do it—I have a couple of men to lunch at the club, and I couldn't think of putting them off."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said gently. "We should have made a nice little luncheon party."

"There are other days!" he said as lightly as he could.

As they drove away Curtis had a premonition that something disagreeable was impending. Brisbane sat in silence, but his keen eyes scarcely left the powerful face of the young soldier seated before him. He was, in fact, revolving in his mind a plan of attack. "It won't do to attempt to bribe such a man, even indirectly," he thought; "but he is poor and ambitious, and might be removed by promotion; friendly pressure might be brought to bear on the War Department to that effect." Reaching the conclusion to try promotion as a method of attack, his features took on a pleasanter line of expression and he made himself very agreeable by extending the drive and pointing out the improvements in the city. "Our capital is as good as any now," he said.

Curtis responded heartily. "I like to see vast public edifices. In a democracy like ours there is great propriety in building splendid civic buildings—the Congressional Library

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

and the Capitol, for example—but the home of our rulers should be simple as that of any citizen. The places where they serve the people may properly be as fine as art can make them."

"You have pronounced views for a soldier, young man," said Brisbane.

"I don't see why Captain Curtis shouldn't have views if he pleases, papa," said Elsie.

"Because he is a soldier."

"Your conception of a soldier's duties differs from mine, Senator," said Curtis firmly. "I do my duty while *on* duty, but I am also a citizen of this great Republic and have a right to express myself on any subject like any other citizen."

"A soldier's duty is to obey orders and keep his mouth shut," said Brisbane shortly.

"Not in a Republic," replied Curtis quietly.

"Anywhere!"

A spark of fire lit in Curtis' eye, but he shut his lips and looked out of the window, feeling that a controversy could be avoided only by silence on his part. He was again surprised by hearing Elsie speaking in his defense, and it helped him to keep his temper.

They finished the drive in fairly good humor and Brisbane hospitably led the way into his library, a fine room lined with books, all in rich, new bindings.

As Elsie left the room to prepare for luncheon, Brisbane heartily said: "I'm sorry I missed your talk to-day—I am curious to know what your notion is about the Tetongs. Of course, I know you couldn't go into the question the other night, but—now that your testimony is all in maybe you feel free to give me the substance of your plan."

"But we differ so radically on the matter—and your interests make it exceedingly difficult for you to agree with me. Nothing would be gained by the statement."

"You think you know what my interests are?" There was a veiled sarcasm in the great man's smile.

"I know that as a candidate for reëlection to the Senate you must please the cattle and mining interests of your State; and as I am now officially the advocate of the Tetongs I sincerely hope you will not insist on a discussion of the removal plan." Curtis spoke firmly, but with dignity and candor.

Brisbane's easy manner took a sudden shift to cordiality, and leaning forward he said:

"Young man, I like you. I admire your frankness. You're too able an officer to be shelved out there on a burnt-out Indian Reservation. What was your idea of going into the service, anyway?"

Curtis did not warm under this genial glow. "I considered it my duty," he replied. "I was rusting out in garrison and—but there is no need to go into my motives—I am in it and will stand firmly for the right of my wards so long as I am in position to help them."

"Suppose you were offered a chance to go elsewhere—say to West Point as an instructor?"

"I would decline the appointment!" Curtis promptly replied.

"Why?"

"Because at this time I am needed where I am."

Brisbane grew less urbane.

"You are bent on fight, are you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Curtis, though he knew.

"You are going to oppose the removal of the Tetongs?"

"Most certainly I am!"

Elsie reëntered the room at this moment, but neither of the men saw her, so intent were they. Brisbane continued:

"Young man, do you know who you are fighting?"

Curtis being silent, Brisbane went on: "You're lined up against the whole State! Not only the cattlemen 'round about the Reservation but a majority of the citizens are determined to be rid of those vagabonds. Why should they be allowed to camp on land which they can't use—feed their ponies on lands rich in minerals——"

"Because they are human beings and have rights."

"Human beings!" sneered Brisbane. "They are nothing but a greasy, dirty lot of tramps—worthless from any point of view. Their rights cannot stand in the way of civilization."

"It is not a question of whether they are clean or dirty—it is a question of justice," Curtis replied calmly. "They came into the world like the rest of us, without any choice in the matter—and so far as I can see have the same rights to the earth. At least so much of it as they need to sustain life. The fact that they make a different use of the earth than you would do isn't a sufficient reason for starving them."

"The quicker they die the better," replied Brisbane. "They should be swept from the earth like rattlesnakes."

At this familiar phrase Curtis took fire. "There! I expected that word. Let me tell you, I never knew a red man savage enough to utter such a sentiment as that," he swiftly replied. "The most ferocious utterance of Sitting Bull never touched the heartless malignity of that sentence; he was never so venomous, so utterly lacking in Christian charity. He was willing to live and let live. If you represent civilization—I want none of it."

Brisbane's face became white and drawn with rage. "By Heaven—if you weren't my guest——"

Elsie, sitting in strained expectancy, sprang forward. "Father! you must not—you must remember Captain Curtis is our guest."

Curtis hastily arose. "I will take care not to put myself in such a position again, sir."

"See that you don't!" snarled the old man, twitching with wrath. "You are a traitor to your race—you'd sacrifice——"

"Father, be quiet—you are making a spectacle of yourself!" said Elsie, and added sadly: "Don't go, Captain Curtis; I shall be very sorry if you do."

Brisbane recovered himself. "Well, sir—you can leave—for I know the kind of man you are. Let me tell you this, young man—you'll regret this. You can't come into my house and insult me in the presence of my daughter!" His voice was firm but his hands were shaking with rage, and Elsie discovered with a curious pang that she was pitying him and admiring the young soldier who stood like a figure of bronze waiting for an opportunity to speak. At last Curtis said:

"Miss Brisbane, I beg your pardon; I should not have said what—I did." He turned to Brisbane. "I am sorry, sir. You are an older man than I, and——"

"Never mind my age," retorted Brisbane, his heat cooling into malignity. "I desire no terms of friendship with you. It's war now—to the knife and the knife to the hilt—and when I leave your trail you'll be neither Indian Agent nor soldier. The man that lines up against me generally wishes he hadn't."

"Very well, sir; I am not one to waste words. I shall do my duty regardless of you." He turned to Elsie. "Miss Brisbane, I regret this altercation more deeply than I can say. I only ask you to remember that I sincerely tried to avoid this controversy."

Six months before the girl would have seconded her father in ordering Curtis from the door—but now she could not even attempt to justify his anger. The tears stood on her lashes as she said: "Why can't you shake hands again? These ragamuffin red men aren't worth quarreling about. No one ever went away from us like this—it breaks my heart to have it so. Don't go, Captain Curtis."

"Elsie, go to your room; I will see that this young man finds the door!"

"Father, you are brutal!"

"Do as I say!"

"I will *not!*" Her own eyes flashed. "I am not a child. I have some rights in this house." She turned and walked toward the door. "Captain Curtis, I beg *your* pardon; my father has lost control of himself."

Brisbane faced her. "Leave the room, I say!"

"Captain Curtis is my guest as well as yours." She extended her hand. "Please go!"

The girl's form dilated as she faced him. "Have you no sense of decency? Captain Curtis is my guest as well as yours." She extended her hand. "Please go!"

"It is the most miserable moment of my life," he replied. They stood in the hall as he spoke. "I will do any honorable thing to regain your good will."

"You have not lost it," she replied. "I do not blame you—as I should." And the look in her face mystified him.

"May I see you again before I leave for the West?"

"Perhaps——" she softly replied.

And as he turned away it seemed that she had leagued herself with a stranger against her own father, and she ran up the stairs heedless of the voice whose commands had hitherto been her law.

Curtis walked down the sunny avenue toward the White House with a curious feeling of having just passed through a vivid dream. Around him the little negro newsboys were calling the midday editions of the papers, and the streets were filled with public servants hastening to luncheon, punctual as clocks—while he, ordered from the house of his host, was mechanically returning to his club.

There was something piercingly pathetic in the thought of the good cheer he had anticipated—and the lost pleasure of sitting opposite the girl made his heart ache. Surely he was a long way from the single-minded trailer he had been as he crossed the Sulphur Spring Divide.

TENTH CHAPTER

EXTERIORLY the Indian Agent went briskly and single-heartedly about his public business. He met the Committee again, called on the Secretary, held many consultations with the Commissioner, wrote letters, accepted invitations to dinner, and of an evening in the Cosmos Club attended some scientific Society, or sat in a corner talking of bugs or snakes or trees, or smoking while some expert endlessly spun yarns. These were exactly the doings he had looked forward to and which he had expected to enjoy.

He did enjoy them, too, but not so completely, so keenly as he had anticipated. Something was lacking. Lawson, he had been informed by those who assumed to know, was Elsie's accepted lover, and, of course, that canceled all other claims. At least it should have done so—but as a matter of fact it did not. "I must *know* it," he said. By all the laws of the game he should have been hopelessly discouraged, but he was not—except at moments of depression and weariness, for he remembered the gentleness of her voice as he left her—and that last look on her face required endless analysis. If she belonged to Lawson would she have worn that look? Would his words of criticism of her work have had such weight? To things like these he clung for comfort as he had often seized upon small shrubs, as he clambered across some stupendous cliff, in search of firmer foothold.

Lawson spoke of Brisbane's outburst in such wise that Curtis inferred a complete knowledge of the incident, obtained no doubt from Elsie.

"I'm sorry it happened, Curtis," he said, "but I must say I expected it. Brisbane has been accustomed to have things all his own way—and is just reaching the breaking point. He imagines himself as strong and as secure as ever, while in fact he is about to be turned down as a rank survival of the rude old frontier times of his State. I believe we are going to win this time—it will just about break his heart, but I see no other issue."

"How much does he know of your work in my cause?" asked Curtis.

"Not very much. He has an idea I am a weak sentimentalist—a 'literary feller.' My standing with the Department he seems to know nothing of. In fact, Elsie has no real conception of the part I play in Indian affairs. She knows I throw my word in their favor always, but she has her father's notion that no one but a politician or a big business man can influence the Secretary or the Commissioner."

Curtis immediately wrote Jennie, saying: "I hope to return in time for the Christmas festivities, after all." And in a note to Elsie he said:

"If you can spare me a little time to-morrow morning I would like to call and see you again before I return to the West. I suggest the early morning because I particularly wish to see by daylight the pictures which the electric light defeated."

To this she replied very briefly, saying she would be glad to see him at ten o'clock the following morning.

He knew that she understood his wish to avoid her father and that she considered his desire wise.

As he walked across the shining asphalt of the circle toward the looming mass of the Brisbane castle he had a

(*Continued on Page 18*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶A community can often be judged by the character of the men who control its public schools.

¶Now that a wireless message has crossed the ocean we may hope for a seasickless voyage across the same.

¶With a ninety-three million surplus the present Congress is gloriously optimistic. It even has surplus enthusiasm.

¶The author of many editions shows a disposition to let fame take all the time it wants so long as the royalties are prompt.

¶The enterprising Mr. Yerkes has not only secured the London franchises, but he has proved to all the European competitors that the American system of electrical propulsion is best. When it comes to motion the American generally leads every procession.

¶Mr. Seth Low's experience in New York is full refutation of the assertion that it is impossible to get the best men to take office. His appointees seem to be glad to serve, not because they want or need the salaries, but because they desire to be connected with the uplifting of a great city. When the best men are unwilling to take political positions their reluctance can almost always be traced to the fact that the conditions under which they would have to work would be bad. With the right men at the top there will be no difficulty in getting good men all the way down to the bottom.

The Modern Champion

AT THE coronation of King Edward next June Mr. Frank Dymoke will not act the part made famous by his ancestors for many centuries. It has been the duty of the leading Dymoke of the time of each coronation to arm himself cap-a-pie, stand before the throne, throw down his mailed glove and challenge to mortal combat any one who questioned the right of the King to the crown or sceptre. King Edward will excuse the present Mr. Dymoke from this bombastic duty and his part will be ruthlessly cut from the ceremonies.

It is sometimes pleasant to read in the old romances of the doughty champions who came at the right moment and threatened to slay the trembling persons who dared to doubt the claims of a royal weakling or who refused to take sides against their consciences. There have been many monarchs who stood behind the knights of bluster and who placed their own convictions of infallibility upon the shoulders of the foolish braggarts who often gave their lives for the brief moment of theatric glory. But in these days the man in high place declines to be made ridiculous. President Roosevelt waves back the policemen and private detectives and King Edward tells Mr. Dymoke that he needn't come around.

There is a vast difference, too, in the way the real champions do their work. They have surrendered all the public gymnastics to the drum majors and they toil away like the laboring men they generally are. A new note is in the modern life. Bluster and boastfulness no longer belong to greatness; the wise champion goes along quietly until he reaches results; and even then he is not proud.

In the midst of the Civil War some one asked President Lincoln what sort of a man General Grant was. Lincoln replied that he hardly knew what to say, for Grant was the quietest fellow he ever saw. Then he added, "Grant is the first general I have had. You know how it has been with the others. As soon as I put a man in command, he'd come to me with a plan of campaign, as if to say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. It isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to have found a man who can go ahead without me."

That is the kind of champion wanted everywhere to-day. The head of the nation, the president of the great corporation, the manager of the big business, all want men who can go ahead without boasting of their plans or without constantly requiring direction.

There was a time when the fair lady smiled upon the champion who dipped his lance and went forth to glory or death. To-day the lady is fairer than she ever was, but she wants the man who brings results and not the one who makes boasts. It is the age of the worker, and the greatest of the heroes is he who does his work without fuss or feathers.

The man who likes to grumble is really the only man who gets any comfort out of misfortunes.

Private Cowardice and Public Sin

A CITIZEN of New York was watching the construction of his new house when a building inspector arrived and began making objections to the form and size of a metal cap for a column which the workmen were fitting into place.

"The cap is all right," declared the citizen. "The building department has approved the plans and that cap is going to stay there."

"Well, it's my business to see that it doesn't, and it won't."

The temper of the citizen arose at this and he ordered the fellow off from the premises in tones so significant of trouble that the inspector stayed not on the order of his going. But he did not go far. He was presently seen in earnest conversation with the contractor who was putting up the building, and after a little the contractor took out a roll of bills, stripped off one and gave it to the inspector, who thereupon walked away with a satisfied air.

"Why did you do that?" asked the house owner.

"I gave that scoundrel twenty dollars," explained the contractor, "because he could make no end of trouble for me. You see, my building operations extend all over the town, and if I had refused to 'see' him he would have kept me back in my work and subjected me to forfeits and harried me, no end. I can't afford the delays, so I paid him."

In this case it was the duty of the citizen and the contractor to protest against this soliciting of bribes to the head of the building department. If nothing came of this, the Mayor should have been appealed to, and if the Mayor was influenced by political considerations and refused to take notice of the case, the flagrant nature of it demanded an appeal to the Governor and action by the Grand Jury and District Attorney.

To this spirit of submission, this easy-going carelessness as it seems to some, this cowardice as it appears to the New Zealander who comes here to inspect our ruins, is due the corruption in our cities to-day. The man who bribes a policeman or health officer or building inspector thinks of no interest save his own. To pay a few dollars is an easy way out of besetments. But he adds not only to his own troubles in so doing; he subjects others to like annoyances, because he encourages in the mind of the corrupted officer the belief that blackmail and theft are safe methods of profit. He is, therefore, a bad citizen, and a threat against republican government. Yet, if every citizen were to stand on his right to be served, instead of bullied and persecuted, there would be an end to brigandage. Nor is this difficult of attainment. Our courts are seldom corrupted, and grand juries never. Criminals respect strong men, and let them alone, and it is in the power and province of strong men to defend us against criminals.

A man who died in England a year or so ago devoted much of his life to what Americans call "kicking." If he were abused, insulted or overlooked by any public officer or private employee, he would not rest till he had dragged the offender before his superiors and forced him to apologize or make amends. He was not popular, yet he did a great deal of good. A stir was made in New York when Mark Twain prosecuted the cabman who had tried to rob him. The remarkable disclosure in this incident is not the robbery, but the surprise of the public that any one person should be found bold enough to stand out against a systematized and deeply intrenched corruption.

Every trespass on personal or public right must be resented, and the trespasser made sharply aware of the evil of his act. Appeal must be taken to his superiors, who are responsible to the people and must be held responsible for the conduct of their working forces. The more the people yield to oppression the more severely will they be dealt with for their cowardice by their oppressors.

It is well enough to make hay while the sun shines; but if there were no rainy weather there would be no hay to make.

Publicity for the Trusts

MANY will remember the article on Monopolies written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by Honorable Thomas B. Reed, which attracted wide attention at the time of its publication, nearly two years ago. In it he reviewed the situation and declared the feasible remedy for the checking of the growth of the trust evil to be publicity. The suggestion was taken up and generally approved. It seemed inadequate to the solution of such a big problem, but it was at least something that could be done. We see President Roosevelt urging the same point in his annual message, and it is almost impossible, now, to find an article upon the question which does not agree that the making public of the business of the huge combinations is the first essential to safety and sound financiering. Without it the people's interests cannot be protected.

As a result of the recent craze of trust forming, the mounting up of capitalizations until they rose to stupendous totals, it was inevitable that there should be many breaks and collapses. And so we have had them in plenty. A copper trust asked the public for $75,000,000 and got it, without showing why it should have it or what it did with it, and when the break began millions of values disappeared as if by magic. A falling market simply wiped out enormous wealth. Some of the other trusts faded from millions to thousands and then failed utterly. In all these cases the losses fell most heavily upon those who had been misled. They did not know what they were buying; they did not know what was done with their investments, and their only knowledge as to the whereabouts of their money is that it is gone. Publicity might not have saved all these credulous speculators, but it would have made the trusts more careful and would have curbed their amazing audacities.

Time only will show whether a good trust is productive of good to the people, whether a vast combination of wealth honestly administered is better than many divisions managed by a larger number of people and devoted to wider interests. But there is no doubt about the sentiment of the American people: they not only distrust but they fear vast accumulations of money in the hands of the few. And it is the common experience that in such things the voice of the people is generally right. There is no demand for radical action except among those whose influence counts for little, but there is a deep and widespread feeling that the great trusts which control so much of our trade and wield such vast power in public affairs should be compelled to make full statements of their operations and of their accumulations to the public on which they feed and from which they receive authority for existence.

In turning over new leaves a good many people do not get much beyond the prefaces to their good intentions.

The Mistakes of Moses and Others

AMERICANS are a business people. They want results. The mistakes that a man makes in getting them are trivialities provided he does The Big Thing. Honest success is a sponge that wipes clean the slate.

Moses made mistakes—a good many according to the late Colonel Ingersoll—but he led the Israelites out of bondage. Napoleon made mistakes, but Marengo blotted out the memory of Egypt. Grant made mistakes, but the surrender of Lee confounded his enemies. And Schley made mistakes, but so far as the American people are concerned he burned and sunk them at Santiago.

The details of those mistakes are more important to office Admirals than the fact of his victory; but not to the people. The result of the inquiry is simply to fix their conviction that Schley is a pretty handy man and a pretty brave man in a fight. For the charge of cowardice would not hold water for a moment, once it was towed out into the open. Yet that charge was the real issue at the beginning of the inquiry.

His enemies started out to prove Schley a coward; but they cleared his character of that stain for all time.

All the owners of the big monopolies are ready for Government control—whenever the Government will pay their price.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Northern Securities Deal

By Henry Clews

Author of Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street

WHEN Wall Street went mad last spring on "Blue Thursday" it was certain that something stupendous must come of it—either stupendous war or stupendous peace. Fortunately for the country, it has been stupendous peace, and its incarnation is the Northern Securities Company, capital $400,000,000; presiding genius, James J. Hill.

Not so long ago that many persons now alive do not remember it well, the entire railroad properties of the United States might have been bought for $400,000,000. A single company with a capital of such proportions would then have been deemed as unlikely, almost, as a railroad to the moon. Men could not have grasped the figures. Even to-day it is not such an easy task. Only the organization of the billion-dollar steel corporation that preceded this new giant by some months made it possible for the country to accept the Northern Securities Company in a comparatively calm manner. Had it come into the field first no one knows what might have happened, for though it is not so large on paper by more than one-half as the steel combination, this newest corporate wonder is in reality something very much greater. Its birth meant the unification of interests that amount to several times a thousand million dollars. It is a tangible deed to the "community of interest" plan which heretofore has existed only in the minds of men. This "community of interest," from being something very intangible, became a cast-iron reality from the moment that the charter of the Northern Securities Company was adopted by its promoters. Theretofore the community idea among the forces of capital had been about as effective and binding as had been the "gentlemen's agreements" that had for so many years preceded it. These agreements were made mainly to be broken by gentlemen when the best opportunity offered to get ahead of the other fellow. The community of interest which followed proved a community of disaster on Blue Thursday. To prove how sincere was their belief in the new communism of capital, the leaders on that day engaged in a Titanic struggle which carried thousands upon thousands of small investors and speculators to ruin.

The Tragic Panic on "Blue Thursday"

Wall Street has had many panics and many episodes, but it is doubtful if, among them all, there was anything quite so tragic and unforeseen as the "Blue Thursday" panic. The trouble came literally like a bolt from a clear sky. For months all our securities had been booming along at a rate that made trouble seem very far away. The conservative men of Wall Street managed to make themselves heard now and again, giving warning that such things could not last forever, but their voices were drowned out; they were written down croakers. My own letters of advice pointing out the danger of the situation were received respectfully, but their only apparent effect was to increase the buying orders instead of halting them; and so it was in every other office in Wall Street. The public was simply mad to buy and nothing could halt it.

The professional element in the Street, with few exceptions, was quite as bad. It was carried along on the bull flood, and whenever a bear showed his head he was promptly pounded into financial unconsciousness. And all this came of the "community of interest" idea which had spread like wildfire over the country. It was perhaps poetic justice that the reaction came from the same source. Financiers and railroad kings were rushing into each other's arms with a degree of fervor never before and never since witnessed. Utopia had come in finance. We were all brothers; "the interest of one was the concern of all." Only the hardened cynics of the Street ventured to point out that all this community business was a very fine thing as long as it lasted, but that nobody could know how long it would last. Of course, such a suggestion was promptly frowned down and the boom went on more merrily than ever. That properties were being "communized" at figures entirely out of proportion to their earning power made not the slightest difference, apparently. Stocks that had been inactive for years, that could not have found a purchaser at half their rated market value, loomed up on all sides as active trading mediums, and the prices ran up, ten, twenty, fifty, sixty, even a hundred points, and still the jubilee lasted. Thousands of people in all parts of the country were growing into millionaires overnight almost—that is, paper millionaires.

Here and there a few wise ones realized on these paper properties, but even they generally came back to the game, so that they were caught with the rest when the smash, the inevitable smash, prophesied by "the croakers," came. The community of interest had run afoul of itself. The great men of the railroad and financial world who were working in glorious harmony because their "interests were common and must always be common," and who "couldn't afford by any possibility to act otherwise," suddenly found that they were, after all, only ordinary mortals. With the whole basket full of apples to choose from, they suddenly all centred their desire on one nice, rich, red, luscious apple over on the edge of the basket, the Northern Pacific Railway. It happened that this particular bit of fruit was serving as a sort of keystone that held up a whole pyramid of other apples. Hence the sudden scramble for it.

It was a pretty fight to look at—that is, pretty for those who didn't happen to be in the way of the gentlemen who were after the Northern Pacific. Unfortunately, most men who had any sort of investment or speculative interest in the market did happen to be in the way, and ruin, or loss, came to more people than has probably ever been the case in all the history of Wall Street speculation. It had been essentially an outsider's market. The general public had invested in securities on a scale never hitherto known, and when the bottom dropped out of prices there were few hamlets in the country that went unscathed. Only prompt work on the part of the big financial interests, and the general prosperity of the country, prevented a panic that would have prostrated our industries for a long while.

This experience demonstrated to the powerful financial men of America the uselessness of an intangible bond, such as was represented by the old idea of "a community of interest." They realized that in order to establish a real "community of interest," a working community, a community that should be safe and sound, something besides mere promise and agreement must be executed. Instead of a motto, no matter how inspiring, it was decided that a "community of interest" to be beneficial and lasting must have something much more tangible. So the warring capitalists put their heads together and the Northern Securities Company was evolved. To understand this organization it is necessary to know about the facts that brought on the memorable Blue Thursday.

A Review of the Preliminaries

The beginning goes back to the panic of '93. In that year almost all the important railroads in the country, with few exceptions, passed or reduced their dividends. Amongst the exceptions was the Great Northern, controlled by Mr. James J. Hill. A very large number of the railroads not only passed their dividends, but also passed into the hands of receivers. It was the most natural thing in the world that among these latter unfortunates should be the Northern Pacific, which, from its inception almost, had brought ruin and trouble to those connected with it, notwithstanding the fact that it was heavily subsidized by the Government and built under what should have been the most favorable auspices. After the financial troubles that came in '93 had subsided in a measure, Mr. J. P. Morgan undertook the task of reorganizing the Northern Pacific and carried it to a successful conclusion.

An important factor in his favor was the friendship and coöperation of the Northern Pacific's chief competitor, the Great Northern, built and operated by Mr. James J. Hill, known for years previous in the North and West as the most successful railroad man in the country, though little known outside of the railroad and financial world in the East. Mr. Hill's motto has ever been, "Avoid Waste." From the start he never encouraged destructive competition. In managing his own road he preferred to secure success by building up the adjacent territory rather than by cutting rates and taking business from his rival. In the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Mr. Hill saw his opportunity to do away forever with the chance of a cutthroat rivalry between the two roads. He therefore acquired a large block of stock in the reorganized company. His personal holdings of Northern Pacific, common, amounted at the time when the trouble broke out in Wall Street to eighty thousand shares, one-tenth of the entire issue, and his friends were supposed to hold enough additional stock to give him practical control. His opponents in Wall Street thought otherwise, and bought both the minority common stock, together with the preferred shares, which also had voting powers. They really finally secured the voting control of the Northern Pacific Company.

James J. Hill's Strength on Both Sides the Border

On the other side of the border, in Canada, Mr. Hill was also in a position to prevent ruinous competition in transcontinental business. Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Hope, the controlling factors in Canadian Pacific, were, and are, among his closest personal friends and business associates. It was principally through Mr. Hill's instrumentality that Strathcona and Mount-Hope went into the railroad business. As Donald A. Smith, Lord Strathcona was for years the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Though in control of large business interests, he knew little or nothing about the possibilities that lay in the solution of transportation problems until Mr. Hill, who is a Canadian by birth, interested him in the proposition of reorganizing the St. Paul and Pacific, a Minnesota road that afterward formed the nucleus of the Great Northern. Mount-Hope was George A. Stephens, president of the Bank of Montreal, and a cousin of Donald A. Smith. Through the latter's instrumentality he, too, was interested in the financial regeneration of the St. Paul and Pacific, furnishing much of the capital necessary for the operation. These three have always maintained a close connection with the Great Northern, and are among its largest stockholders. The fortunes they made out of this venture led them to go into the promotion of the Canadian Pacific enterprise, in which Mr. Hill was also a factor and remains a stockholder. Their business relations have never wavered, Mr. Hill as the leader having the absolute confidence and backing of the two Canadians. Whatever he decided upon as being the wise policy to be pursued in their railroad ventures his two associates have accepted as final, and he has ever been able to control their holdings as though they were his own. In Great Northern, in Northern Pacific, and in Canadian Pacific they worked as a unit, and to-day they work as a unit in the Northern Securities Company.

Mr. Hill, besides these connections, had also, and retains to this day, the unbounded confidence of the foreign stockholders, both in Northern Pacific and Great Northern. His record as an operator of a road that has never defaulted, or reduced dividends, makes him to-day undoubtedly the strongest figure in America with the foreigners who hold American securities. It is a singular thing that, though Mr. Hill has been well known in the East to the general public only a comparatively short time, he has been for the past fifteen years a towering personality in the financial circles of Europe. Altogether, therefore, Mr. Hill easily dominated the railroad situation of the Northwest. Had he been content with the control of this territory, the Northern Securities Company would probably never have seen the light of day.

The Skillfully Manipulated Burlington Deal

Early in 1901, however, he concluded that, in order to develop to the fullest the earning powers of Great Northern and Northern Pacific, it was desirable that they should have a strong feeder that would tap the great middle central section lying to the South. Accordingly he opened negotiations which ended in securing control of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which in many respects is one of the greatest railroad properties in America. It runs from Chicago to St. Paul to the North, and West by way of Burlington, Omaha and other important points to Billings, Montana, reaching Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, and innumerable other important points. Through southern Iowa and Nebraska it has a perfect network of branch roads and connections which cover almost every foot of territory. Altogether the system operates 8171 miles of road, drawing on the very heart of the most fertile and prosperous territory in the country. To secure this property and graft it firmly to the transcontinental lines of the Northwest was perhaps the most ambitious coup ever effected. It made all past railroad combinations almost insignificant by comparison. It is doubtful if any one but Mr. Hill could have put through such a stupendous deal so successfully. But he worked very quietly and very effectually, and almost before the railroad world generally knew what had happened the matter had been consummated.

The Burlington passed under the control of the two Northwestern roads absolutely by the terms of an agreement which

provided that the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern would jointly issue gold bonds bearing four per cent. interest per annum, to be given in exchange for the Burlington stock. For each $100 in stock $200 in bonds was given, so that an eight per cent. dividend was assured on every share of stock to all those Burlington stockholders who desired to take advantage of the offer. It was a huge transaction, and its difficulty was enhanced by the fact that most of the Burlington securities were held in very small lots, principally by thrifty New Englanders. It was said that more than a majority of the stock, amounting in all to $111,200,000, was held in lots of eighty shares or less. To gather this in quietly without alarming the opposing interests before the deal was consummated required a degree of finesse and generalship seldom, if ever, equaled. It was so thoroughly accomplished, however, that when the deal was formally announced it was found that, of the $111,200,000 total issue of Burlington stock, $107,577,200 had been exchanged. The stock so secured was deposited by the two companies in trust as a guarantee for the payment of the bonds on maturity and the regular payment of interest.

The Southwestern Opposition Wakes Up

It was at this point that the capitalists representing the southern and central transcontinental interests woke up. The Burlington had always been one of the most important feeders for the Union and Central Pacific, connecting at Kansas City and Omaha.

E. H. Harriman and Jacob H. Schiff, the latter senior member of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., were the controlling factors in Union Pacific, Mr. Schiff representing the foreign holders. They had behind them the Rockefellers, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and the Southern Pacific, or Huntington, interests, which had passed under Union Pacific control. They thought they saw the interests of the Union Pacific seriously menaced by the Great Northern-Northern Pacific-Burlington transaction. Forthwith they went to Mr. Hill and demanded that he divide with them control of the Burlington, giving Union Pacific an equal representation on the board of directors of that road. Mr. Hill told them he did not see his way clear to acceding to the demand.

"We are here," he declared, "to safeguard the best interests of the stockholders of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Burlington. If you could convince me that it is to the interest of these three roads that Union Pacific should share with us in the control of Burlington, we should accede to your demands. But I cannot see that such action would be to the advantage of anybody except Union Pacific. There can be no pretense that it would benefit Burlington, and certainly it would not benefit the two other roads. It is not fair to the stockholders of the three properties we control to ask us to sacrifice them so that the Union Pacific may be improved, as such improvement can come only at our cost."

Then the whole structure of the "community of interest" tumbled like a house of cards and the battle of the giants began. The Harriman-Schiff interests began a fierce contest for the purpose of wresting control of Northern Pacific from Mr. Hill and J. P. Morgan, who was his New York financial sponsor. Mr. Morgan, serene in the confidence that the community idea that had been sweeping over the country for months had removed any chance of disturbance, had taken a trip to Europe. His absence made the Harriman people additionally bold. They went into the open market, both here and in Europe, and bought Northern Pacific stock at almost any price.

The Battle of the Giants Begins

The campaign opened at ten o'clock on Monday, May 6. When the Stock Exchange closed at three o'clock that afternoon the price of Northern Pacific, in the wild scramble for its possession, had been run up from 114 to 127½ on the common stock. The next day the buying continued and the fight waged fiercer than ever. The stock closed at 143⅜, having in the meanwhile run up as high as 149½, almost double the value that it commanded on the preceding Saturday. Wednesday it continued to climb, both on the New York Stock Exchange and on the foreign bourses. Speculators everywhere, in the knowledge that the price was artificial, and holding the belief that it must fall, had sold it short in huge blocks. When the gong sounded the closing hour on Wednesday at three these unfortunates found that they had been selling stock that they were unable to deliver. Every share in the market was held by one or the other of the opposing factions, and neither would let go at any price.

Under the rules of the New York Exchange stock sold must be delivered the following day, otherwise the seller is in default. The "shorts" who had sold on speculation found that they could neither buy nor borrow the stock, and in the wild effort to cover their contracts they threw overboard immense quantities of shares in other securities, that they might obtain resources with which to liquidate their liabilities on Northern Pacific. Innumerable marginal accounts by many brokers were unmercifully sold out. This precipitated the panic. Stocks bought at inflated values on every hand were offered at any price by the holders to escape failure. Before trading closed on Wednesday afternoon much of the enormous advances gained during the preceding boom months had been wiped out, and securities were selling at from ten to twenty dollars a share less than they had the preceding day.

In the face of this situation any novice might have known what would happen when the Exchange opened next morning. "Blue Thursday" was ushered in with such a scramble as has never been seen in any trading mart. Stocks were fairly shoveled out for sale and scarcely any bids were refused. Thirty, fifty, and even seventy-five points in frequent instances were lopped off to effect sales, and in the midst of it all Northern Pacific went soaring higher and higher until, before the close of the day, a number of one hundred share lots of this stock were bought at a thousand dollars a share, more than ten times the price they had sold at six days before. This meant that the persons buying the stock wanted it to make good their outstanding matured contracts, were consequently losing in some instances at the rate of ninety thousand dollars on every one hundred shares. Fortunately, the bankers who represented both sides of the contest came to the rescue of the shorts to a considerable extent the next day. Money, which had been almost unobtainable, owing to the distrust prevailing during the preceding days, suddenly was freely offered by a combination of banks which also came to the rescue to help stop the panic. These two influences steadied prices and gradually Wall Street regained control of its senses—not, however, until thousands of the investing and speculating public had been wiped out. A truce was declared between the factions to the Northern Pacific war in order that they might review their casualties and prevent another outburst of the panic. As the panic was confined to Wall Street so-called, it did not seriously affect the other interests of the country outside of the victims who had been caught in the market.

Mr. Morgan Negotiates for a Settlement

Almost from the day of the cessation of hostilities the negotiations which ended in the formation of the Northern Securities Company began. Naturally the relations between Mr. Hill and his friends and the Harriman-Schiff element were in a very strained condition. Left to themselves, they would have probably found it much more difficult to get together than the case has proven. J. P. Morgan, though involved in the battle on the Hill side, had been away. He was therefore in a fairly good position to negotiate for a settlement on his return.

The composition of the board of directors of the Northern Securities Company gives a pretty good indication of the terms on which the battle ended. The board is made up of fifteen members, of whom the Hill men are E. T. Nichols, W. P. Clough, G. C. Clark, N. Terhune, John S. Kennedy, D. Willis James, Daniel S. Lamont, and Mr. Hill himself. Mr. Nichols is the secretary and assistant treasurer of the Great Northern. Mr. Clough is one of the vice-presidents of the Great Northern, and attorney for the road. Mr. Terhune is the transfer agent of the Great Northern. Mr. Clark is of the banking firm of Clark, Ogden & Co., and has been Mr. Hill's close personal friend for twenty years, having aided him to finance some of his biggest transactions. Mr. Kennedy is a retired wealthy New York banker, and was with Mr. Hill in the reorganization of the St. Paul and Pacific. Mr. James is of the metal firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., and has always sustained close personal, as well as business, relations with Mr. Hill. Mr. Lamont, as vice-president of the Northern Pacific, was one of Mr. Hill's most active aids in putting through the Burlington deal. George W. Perkins and Robert Bacon are partners and represent the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. Samuel Thorne and George F. Baker may also be classed as Morgan men, and therefore Hill men. Mr. Baker is president of the First National Bank and controlled the Jersey Central Railroad until he sold it to the Reading Railway Company. Mr. Thorne is a wealthy retired merchant and capitalist. He was the president of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and was interested in the building of a branch road to compete with the Erie Railroad to Kingston, New York State, but before the project was completed its rights, franchises, and such work as had been finished were sold out to the Erie shortly after Mr. Hill became a dominant factor in the latter corporaton.

The Union Pacific element is represented by E. H. Harriman, James Stillman and Jacob H. Schiff. Altogether, it is evident that Mr. Hill's plans are to be carried out almost as they were laid out originally, with this difference: that all chance of such trouble as that which upset the country "Blue Thursday" week is eliminated through the formal organization of The Northern Securities Company, and by the election of a new Board of Directors of the C. B. & Q. which was agreed upon. The C. B. & Q. was really the bone of contention in the financial scuffle, as it threatened to invade the Union Pacific territory by extending its line of road. As Mr. Hill now controls trans-continental business in the North and Northwest, so Mr. Harriman and his associates control in the Central and Southwest, through the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific. There is only one line in this territory, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, which is not dominated by them. The balance of power is, however, pretty well restored by the fact that, as a part of the agreement under which peace was declared, the directorate of the Burlington is divided equally between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific interests and the Union Pacific interests, each side having an equal representation on the board.

What the New Company Really Is

The Northern Securities Company is not, as many people suppose, a railroad corporation. It is simply an investment company, in no sense an operating company. Under its charter it has power simply to "acquire by purchase, subscription or otherwise, and to hold as investment" bonds, stocks and other securities; to hold, "sell, assign, transfer, mortgage, pledge, or otherwise dispose of" any such securities, and "while owner thereof to exercise all the rights, powers and privileges of ownership." It is by no means confined in its dealings to the securities of the Northern Pacific or the Great Northern, though it has absorbed all the shares, except a fractional per cent., of both of these properties. About ninety-nine per cent. of Northern Pacific and Great Northern has been turned into the Northern Securities Company by the holders. It has been accepted on a basis of $115 for each $100 share of Northern Pacific, and $180 for each share of Great Northern. The stock of the Northern Securities Company was exchanged for the railroad stock on this basis. In addition to these stocks, the Northern Securities Company, under its charter, is at liberty to take in the stocks or bonds or securities of any corporation engaged in any sort of business. As Mr. Hill recently put it in a conversation with some friends:

"The organization of the Northern Securities Company means simply that the old order of things in the Northwest is to be made permanent, that the policy that built up these railroad properties and the country of the Northwest may be continued undisturbed by any influence. No particular change has been effected except formally. The old order continues. It is just as though a firm that has always been doing business under a partnership agreement was incorporated. The persons holding the stock of the interested roads, instead of acting as individuals as formerly, will act hereafter as a corporation. Under the old order of things the unfortunate events that we witnessed last spring might at any time come up again, no matter how much the persons in interest might seek to avoid it. For example, there are three men who have large holdings of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock who are over seventy years old. They do not want to feel that in the event of their death their stocks might be thrown into the open market and controlled by persons who would seek to upset the fixed policy of the management which has been found wise and profitable, both for the people of the States through which the roads run and for the stockholders."

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